



Purchase - William Carry, Newport
Jan 3. 1715

John Sandoe

His Book

1756

April 14 Day

Well
James Abbott

If that no flat be set in **B**.
Then in that place standeth your mi.
But if your **B** alone is flat
Then **E** is mi besure of that
If Both be flat your **B** and **E**
Then **A** is mi here you may see.
If all be flat **E**, **A**, and **B**.
Then mi alone doth stand in **D**.

If **F** be sharp }
If **F** and **C** } mi is in }
If **F C & G** } **G**

The first 3 notes above your mi
Is fa, sol la here you may see
The next 3 under mi that fall
Then la, sol fa you ought to call

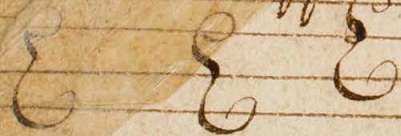
A Single Bar



A Double Bar



The C^ostrent or,
Treble Cliff

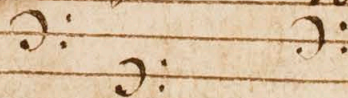


Musical

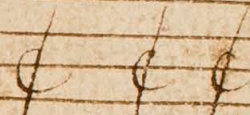
Characters
The C^ostaut or Tenor Cliff



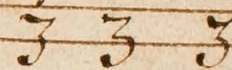
The F^oaut or
Bass Cliff



The Mark of
Common time



The Mark of
Triple time



A Breve



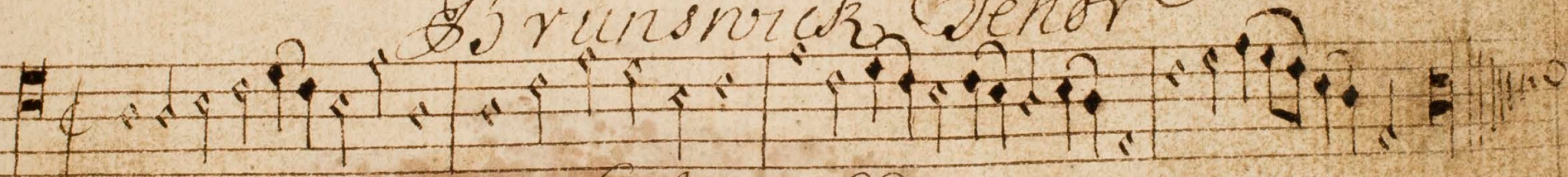
The 100 Psalm Tenor



23 w 2



Brunswick Tenor



23 w 2



hes

0 = 0 = 0
" = " = 6
" = 4 1/2
" = " = 8
" = " = 11 Sarah
" = " = 10

4 3 1/2

6
11
2 1/2
2 1/2

with
ms.
Dilly
one worth
25 Dec:
39
2
5

and

9 3 1/2

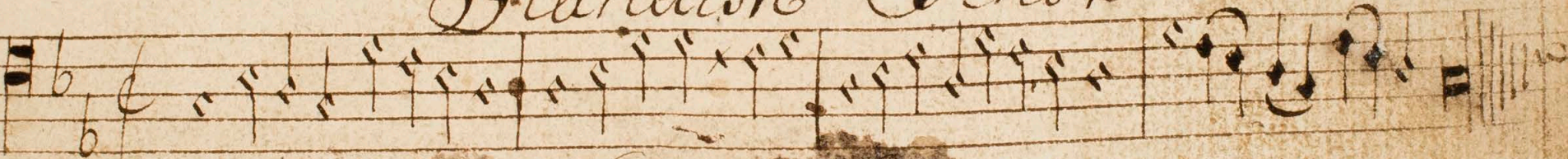
1 = 8

10 = 11 1/2

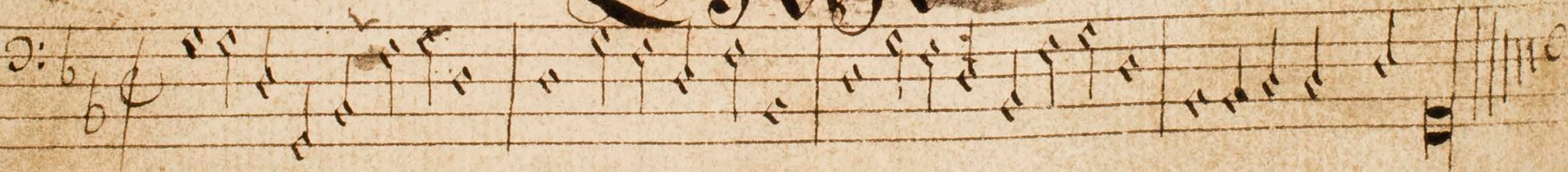
2 The Isle of Wight Tenor 3



Standish Tenor



Duck



Go

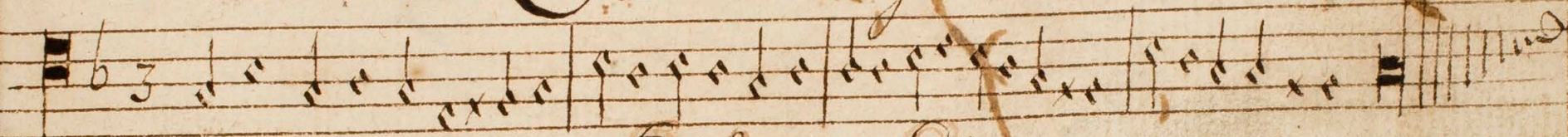
Go

~~W~~ S.

Such a one

Cambridge Tenor

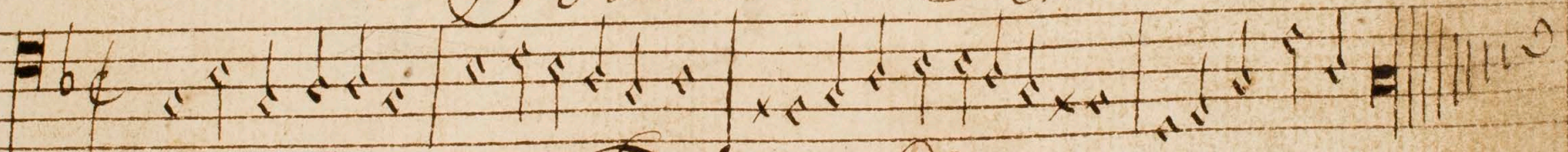
4



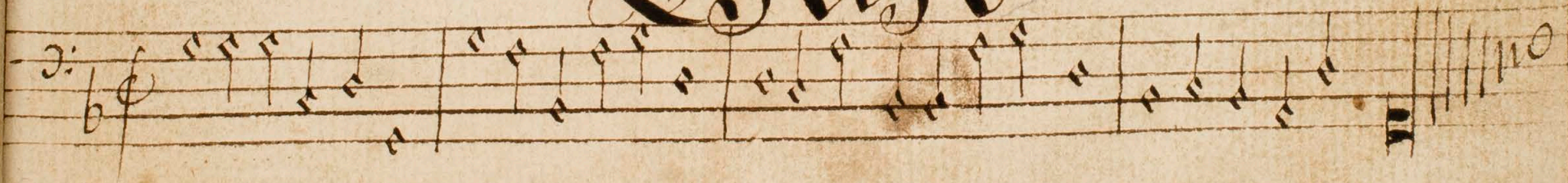
Dwarf



Southwell Tenor



Dwarf



11. Van Long

11. 11. 11.

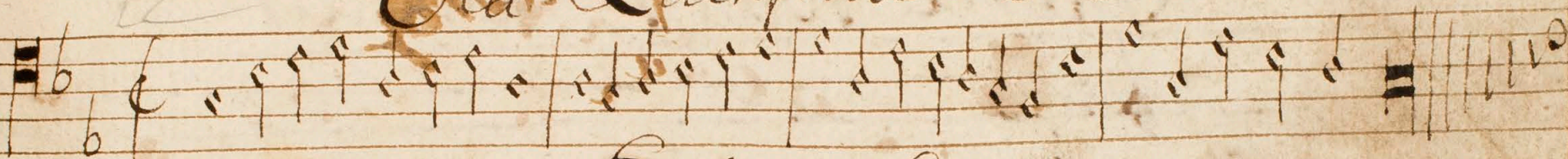
De 11. 11.

11. 11. 11.

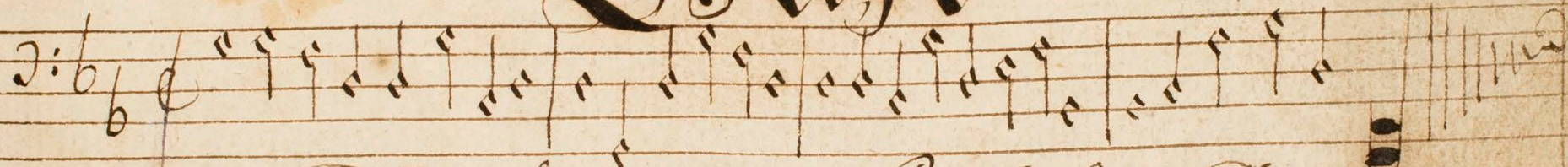
12

Old Litchfield Tenor

5



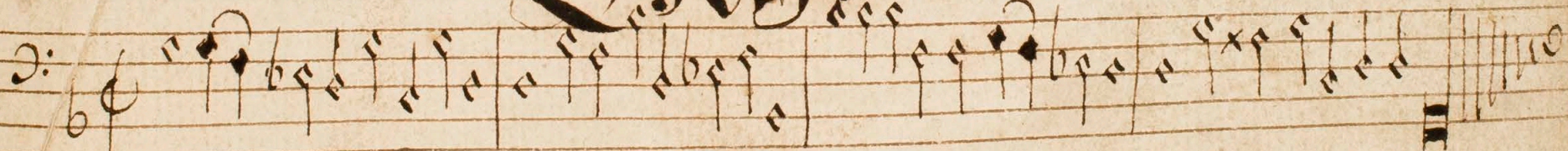
D.W.S.



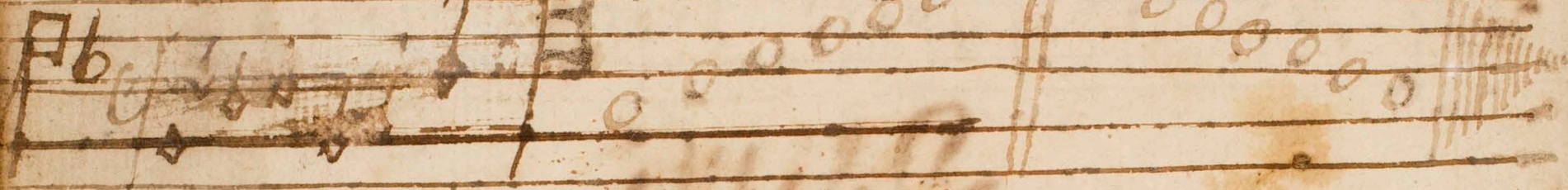
The Streams of Babylon Tenor



D.W.S.

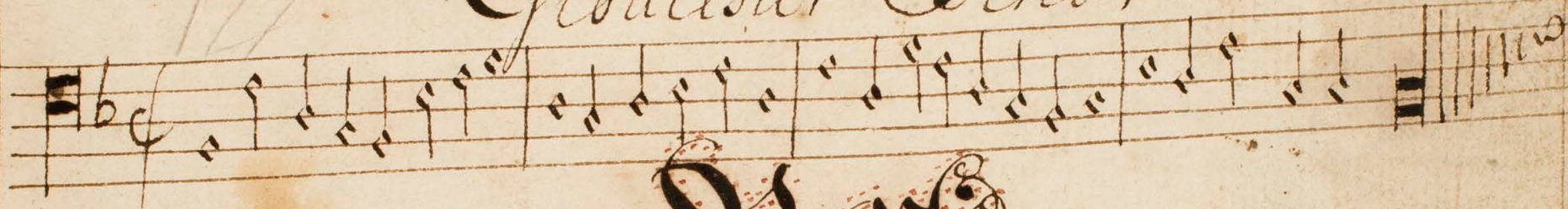


Canterbury Tenor

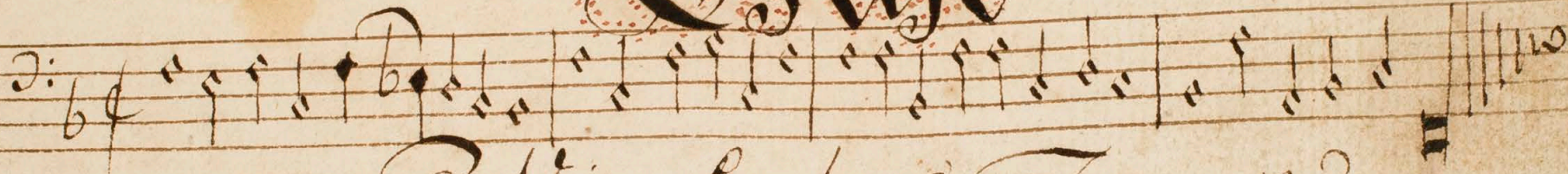


161 Gloucester Tenor

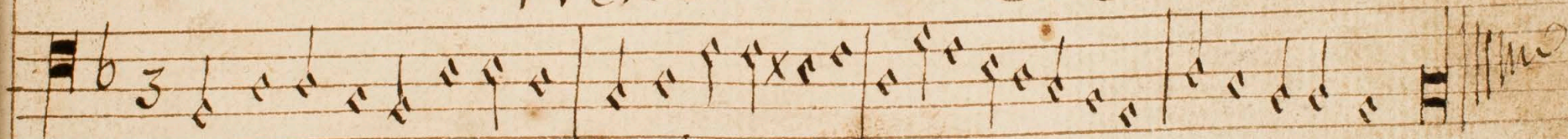
6



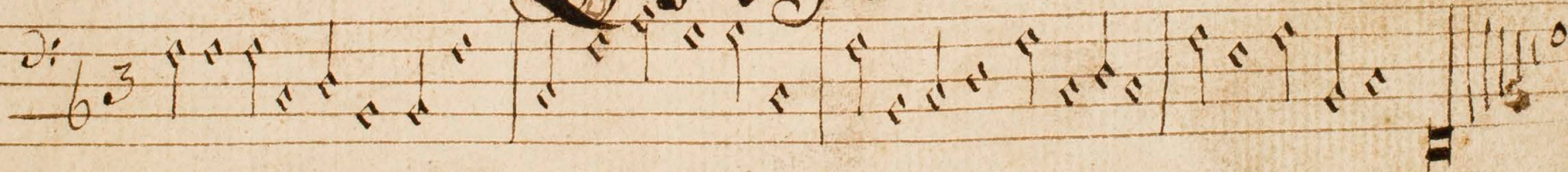
Deus



Winchester Tenor



Deus



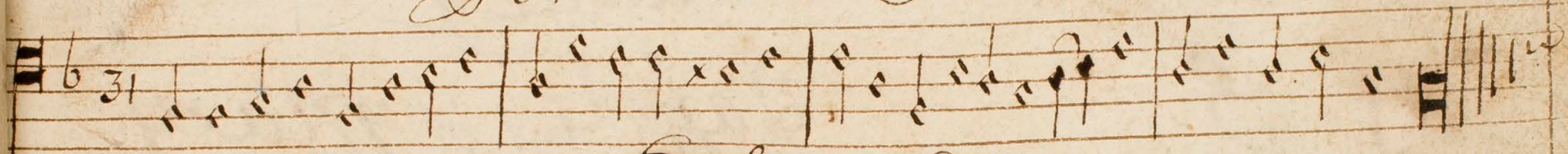
15

21/1/2

21/1/2

Portsmouth Tenor

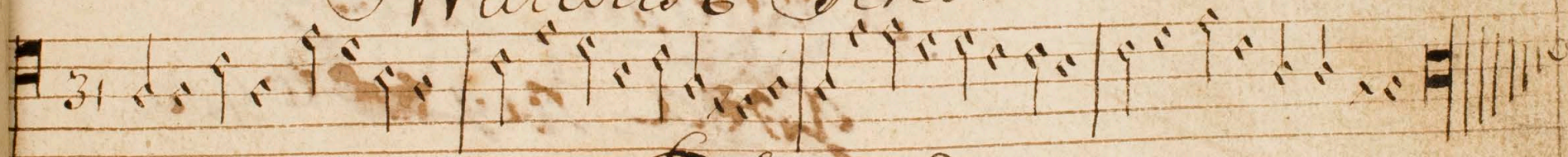
7



Ask



Warwick Tenor



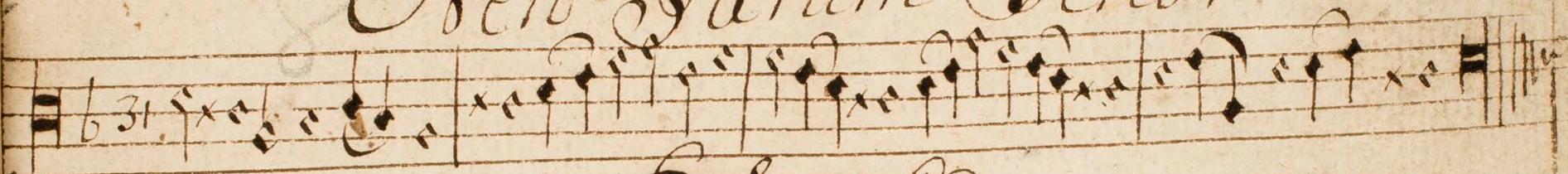
Ask



Th
L 25

Sandley John
Sandley Mary
Sandley Benjamin
or Charles John
Westgate Mary
good night to you

New Psalm Tenor



Chorus



The 108th Psalm Tenor



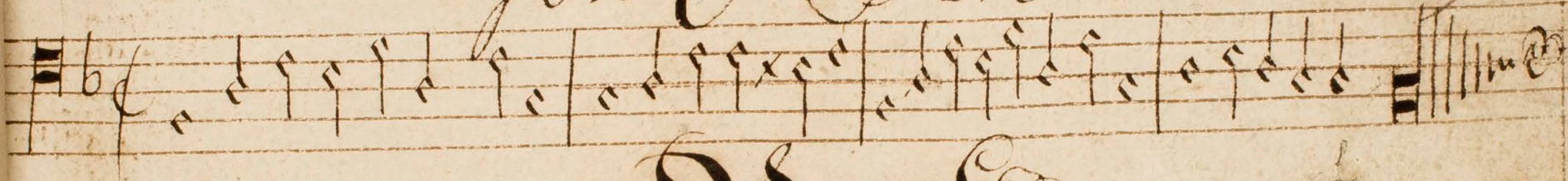
Chorus



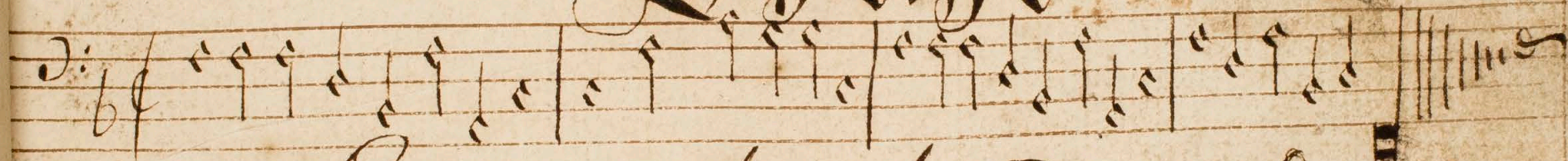


York Tenor

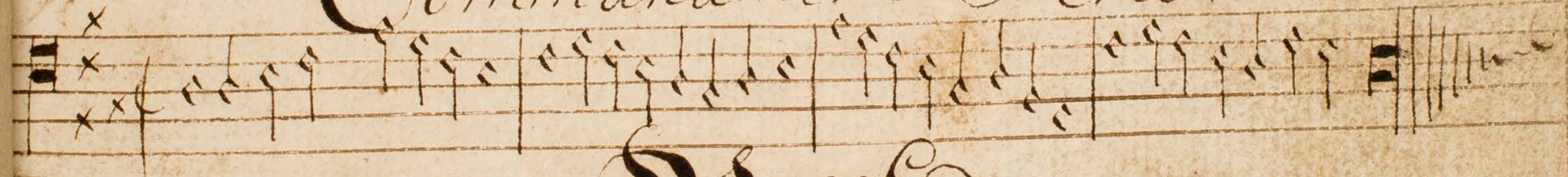
9



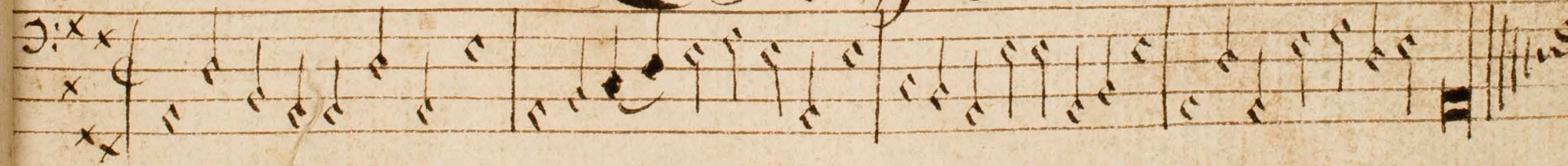
V. & W.



Commandment Tenors

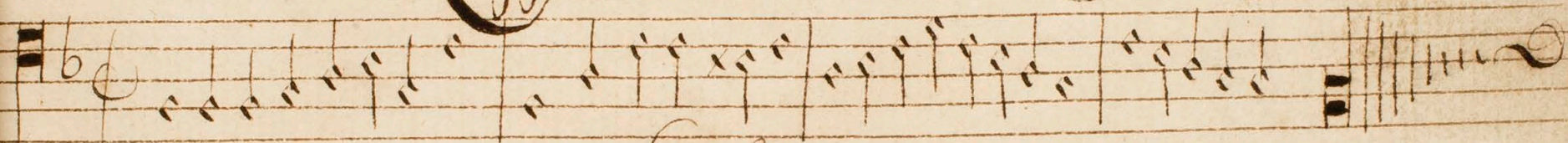


V. & W.

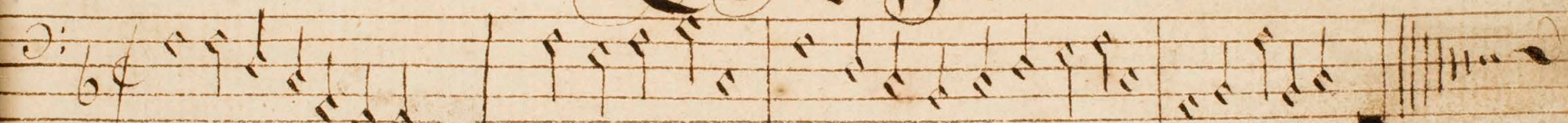




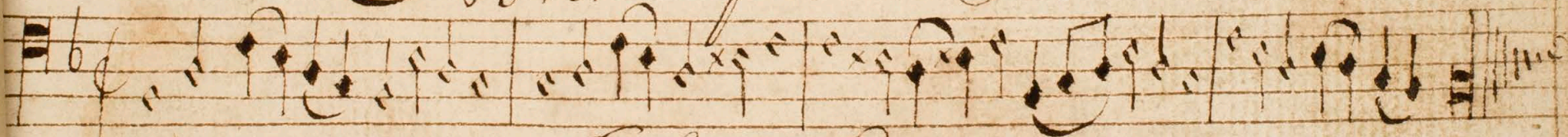
~~XXXX~~
Westminster Tenor 10



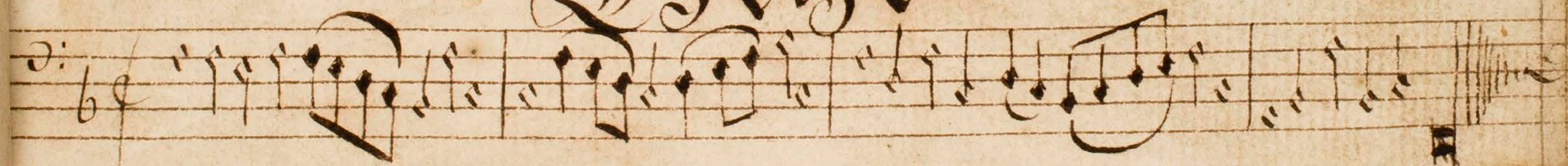
Also



Northampton Tenor



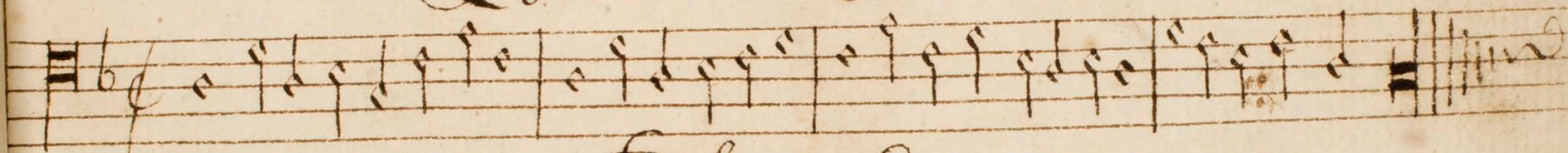
Also



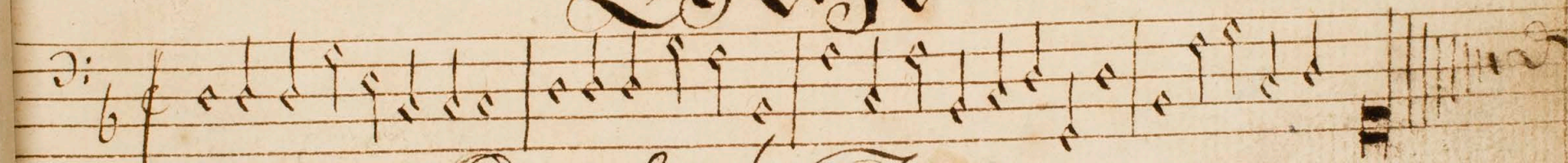


London Tenor

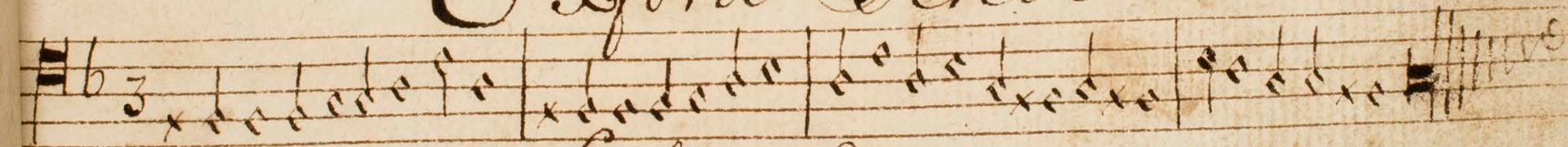
17



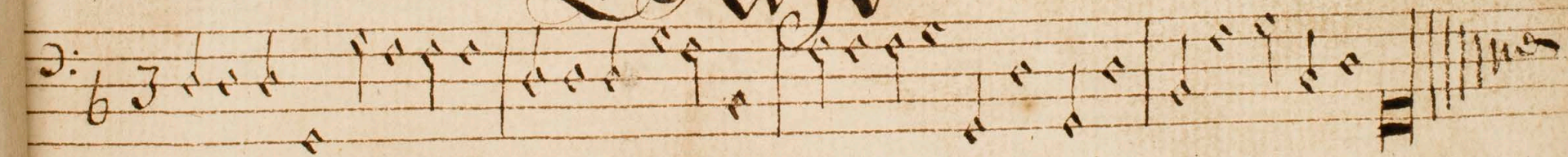
2d vs



Oxford Tenor



2d vs



John Gettaro. L. K

John Briggs his Book

L 1782 Br

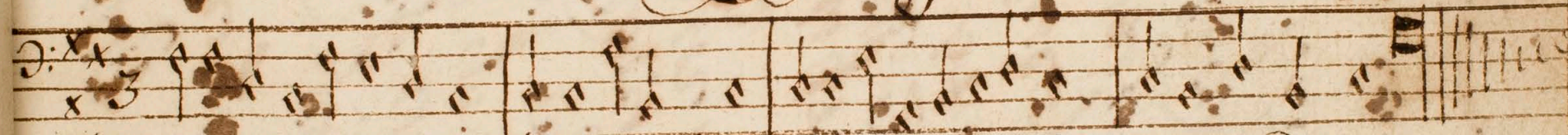
John Briggs
L. K. 1782
Br

Martyrs Tenor

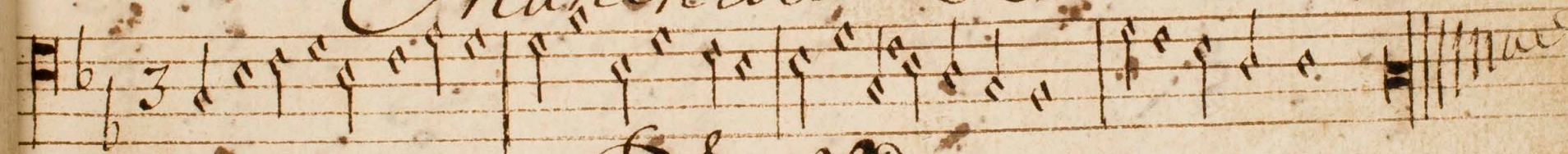
12



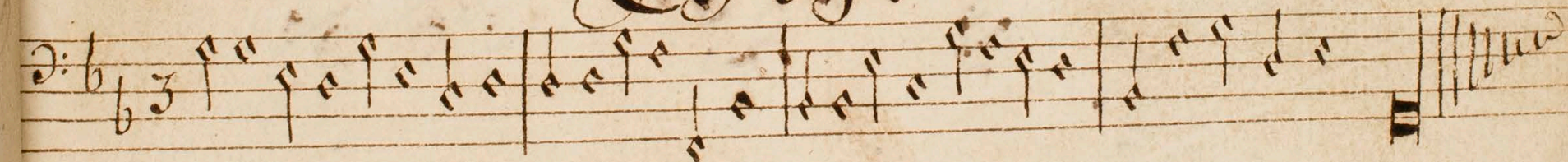
Da Capo



Manchester Tenor



Da Capo



The 149 Psalm

1 Praise ye the Lord

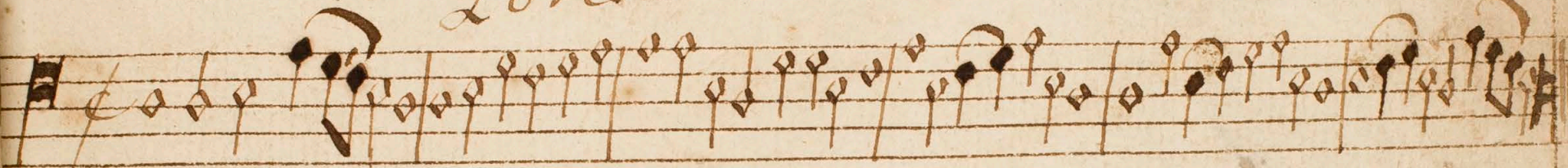
Prepare your Glads Voice
his praise in the Gate
in your great Creator
Let them all rejoice
and Children of Man.
Be glad in their King

Let them his great name
extol in the Dance
with Timbrel and harp
his praises sing
who always takes pleasure
his words to advance
and with his salvation
the humble to bless



Portsmouth New Tenor

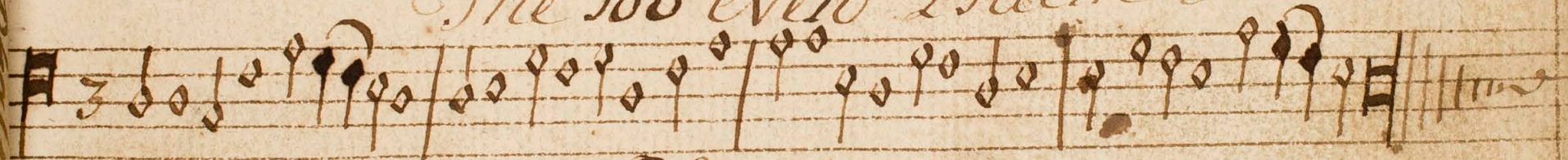
13



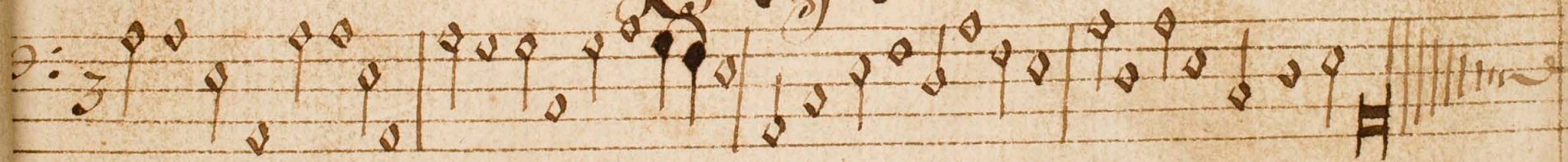
Q3 452



The 100 New Psalm Tenor



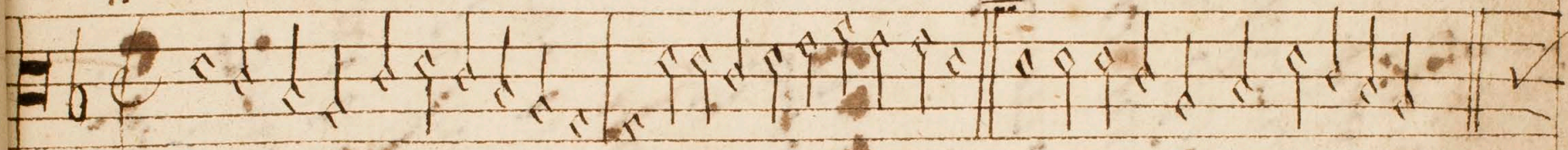
Q3 452



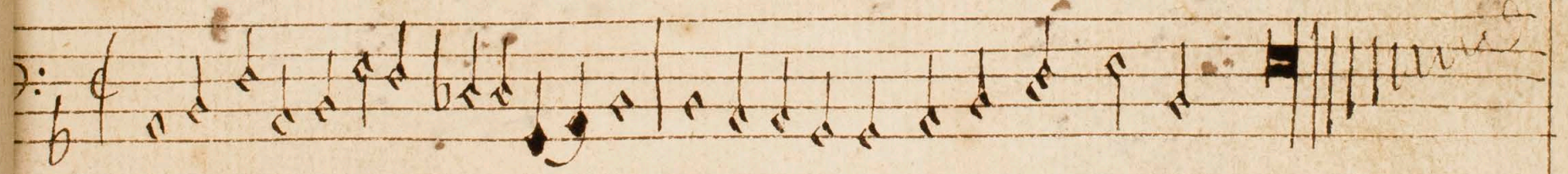
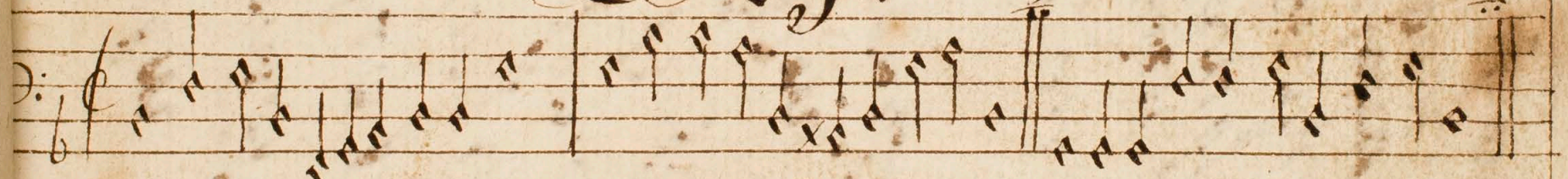


The 50th Psalm Tenor

16



Bass



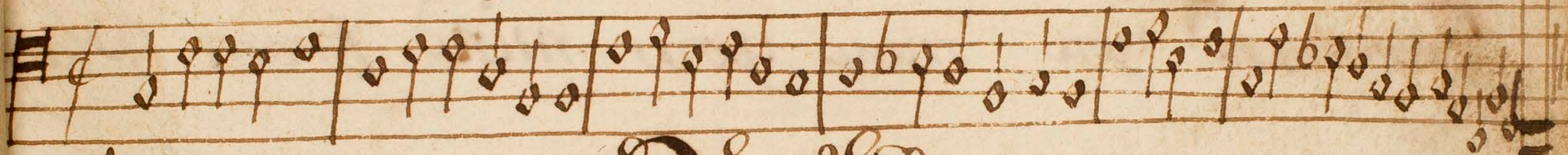
The 148 Psalm

ye Boundless Poles of Joy
Exalt your mothers Fame,
his praise your song loudly
Above the starry flame;
your voices raise
ye Cherubim
and Seraphim
To sing his praise

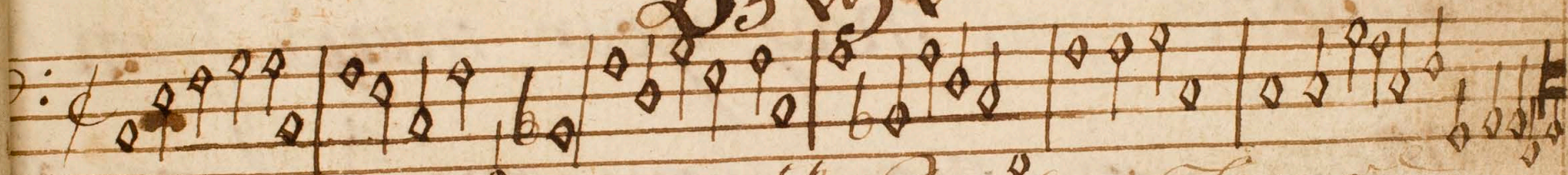
The moon that rules the night
The sun that guides the day
The glittering stars of light
To him your homage pay
his praise declare
ye heavens above
The Glorious God on high
The liquid air

The 148th Psalm Tenor

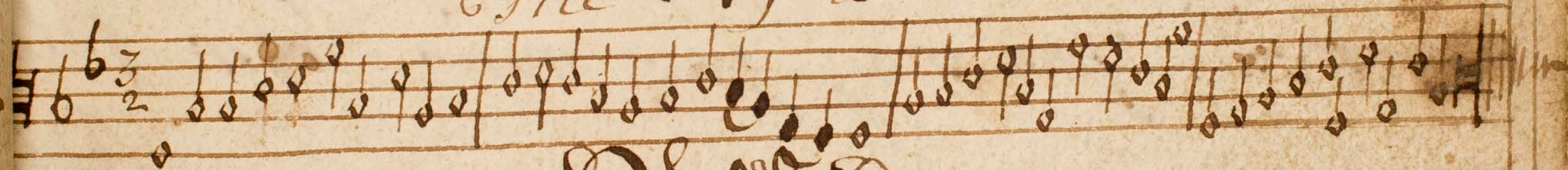
15



VS



The 149th Psalm Tenor



VS



Command you may your mind from play

Command you may your mind from Play

Command you may your mind from Play

Command you may your mind from Play

Command you may your mind from Play

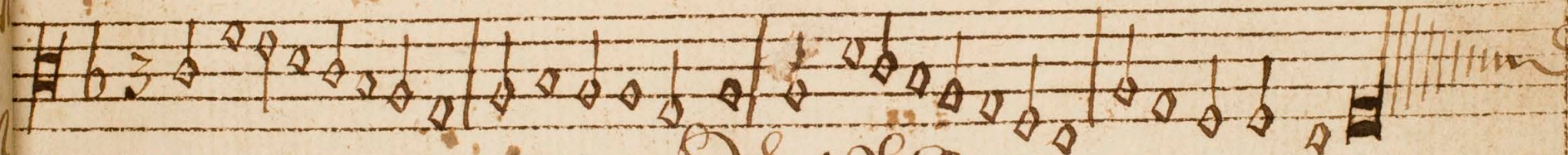
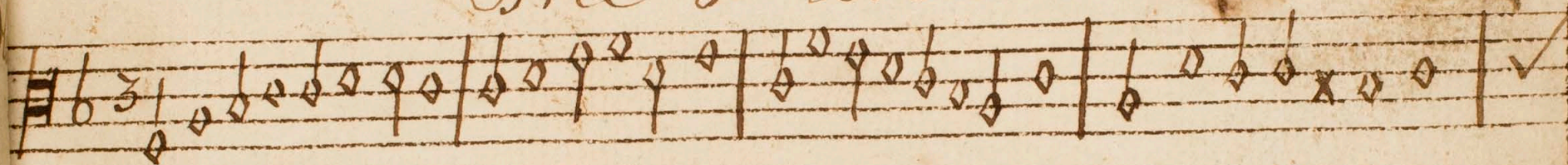
Command you may your mind from Play

Command you may your mind from Play

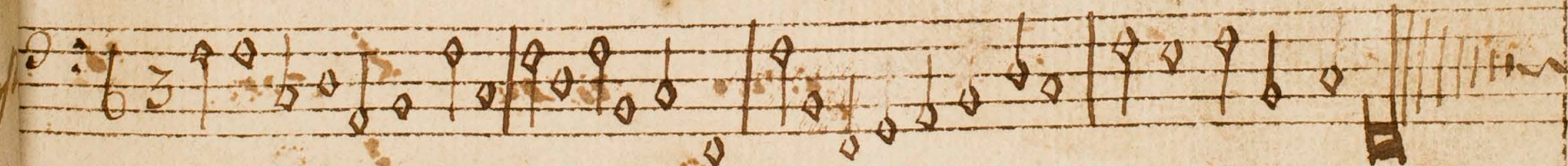
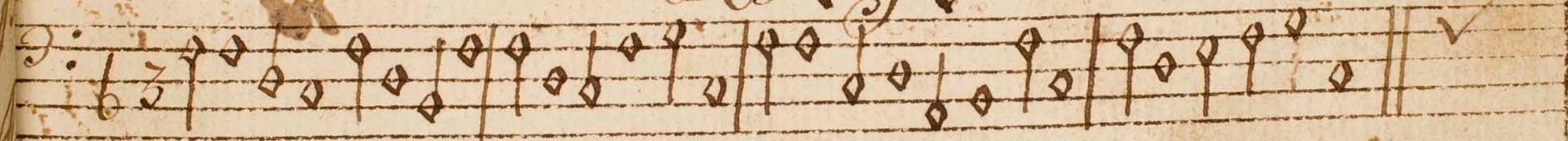
Man 4 37 21 1/2 Her

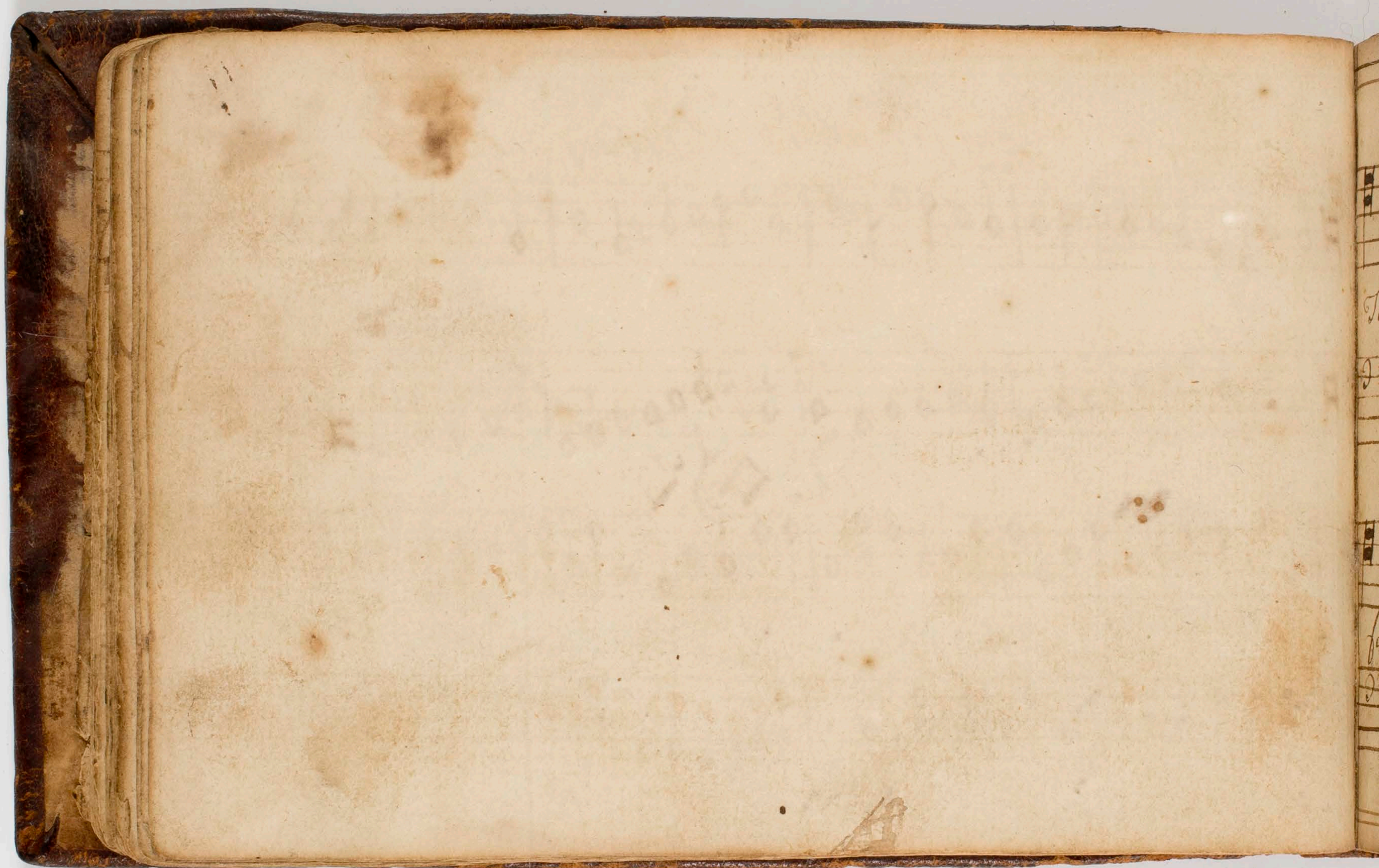
The 8th Psalm Verse

16



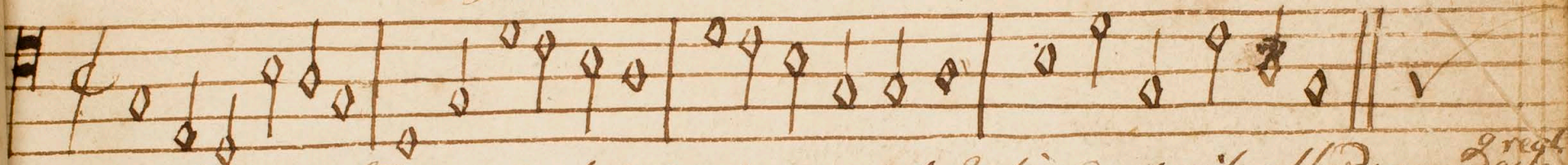
23 22



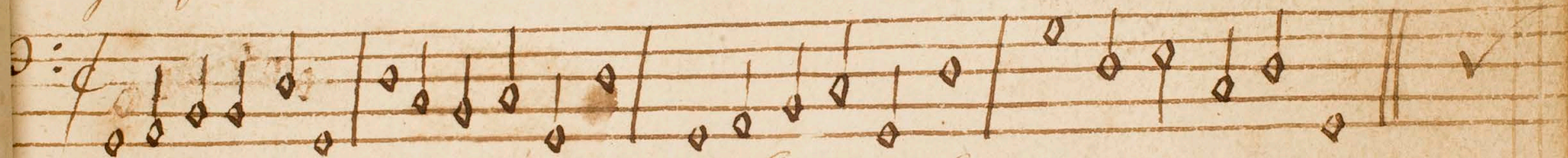


The 136th Psalm Tenor

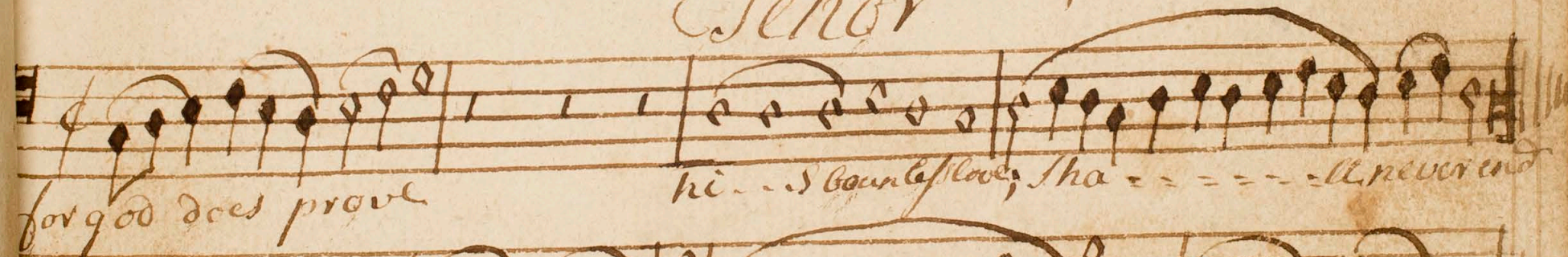
19



To god of mighty lord your joyful thanks reveal; to him our praise afford: as good or key



Tenor

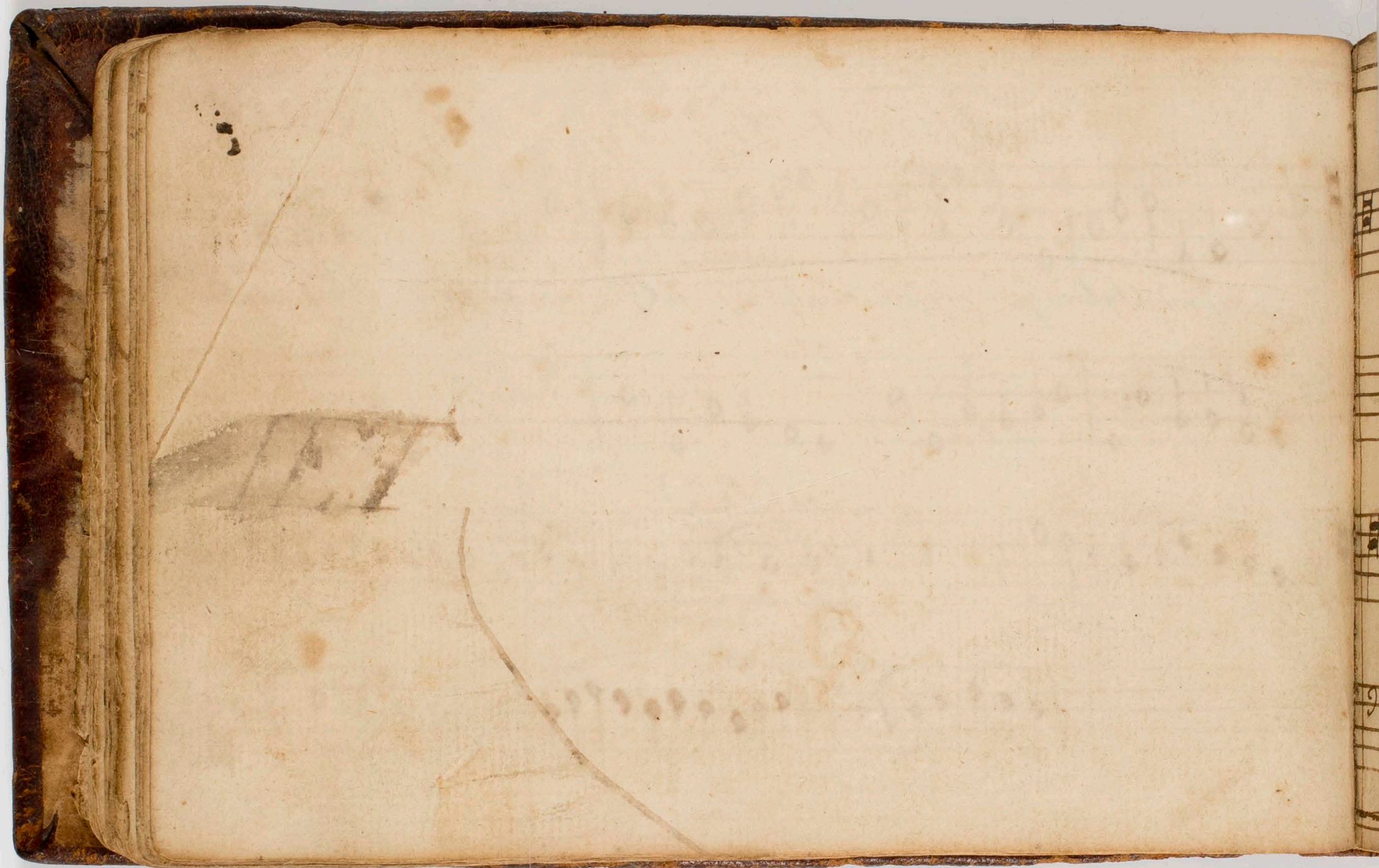


for god does prove

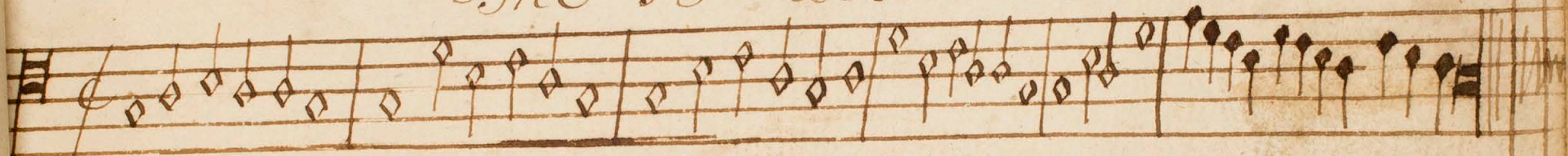
hi...s boundless love; sha...ll never end



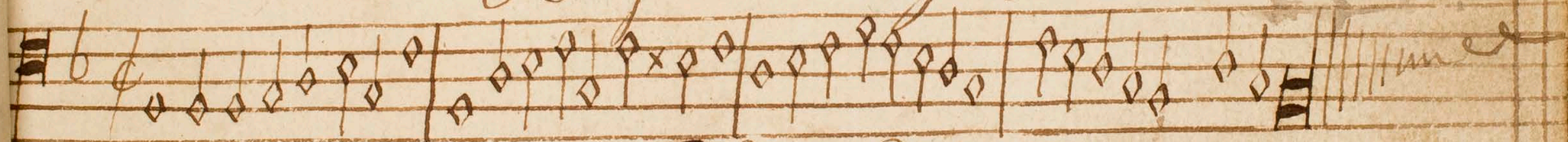
Our constant friend; hi...



The 36th Psalm Tenor 18



Angels Song Tenor

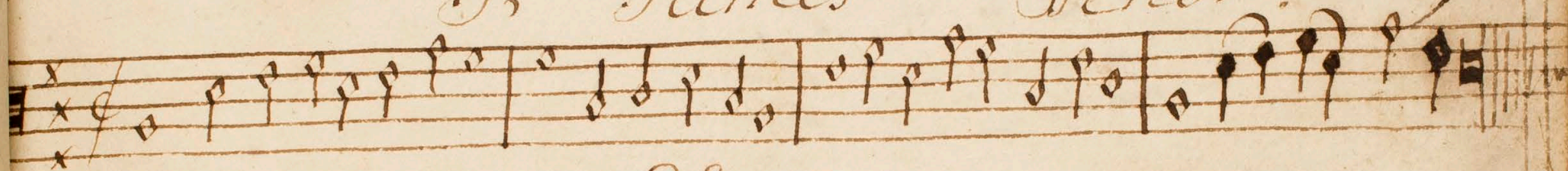


Q 32

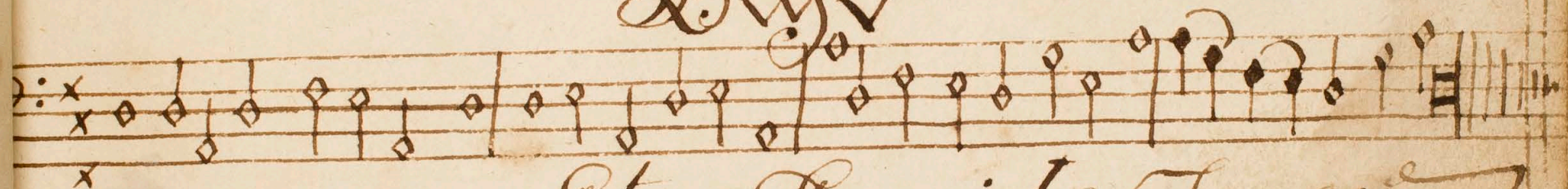




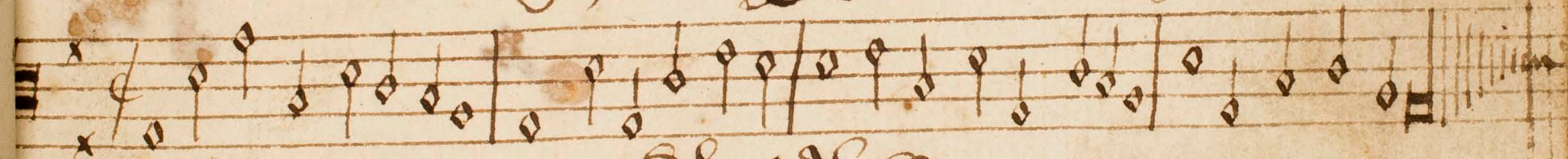
St James's Tenor 190



Bass

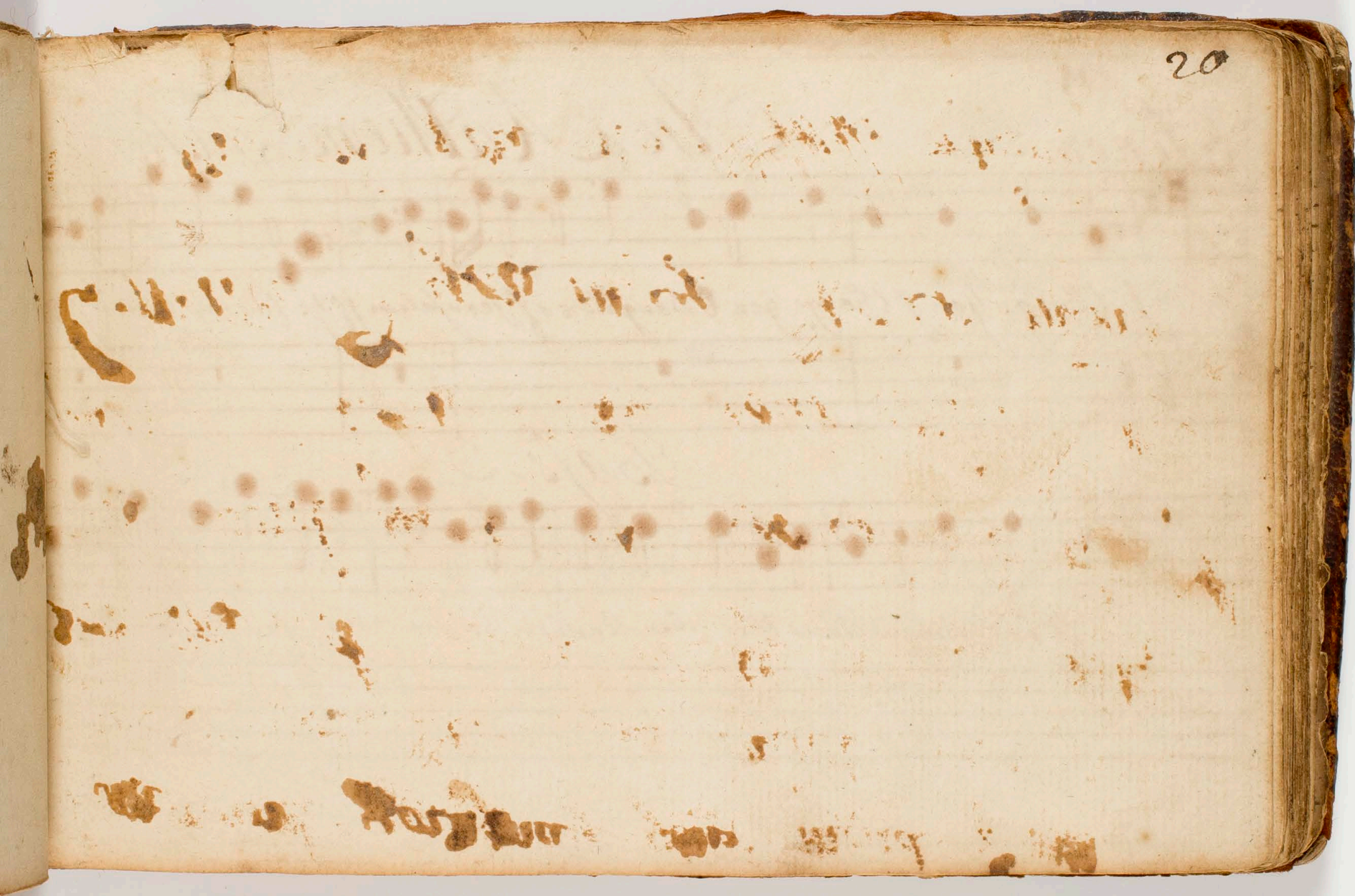


St David's Tenor



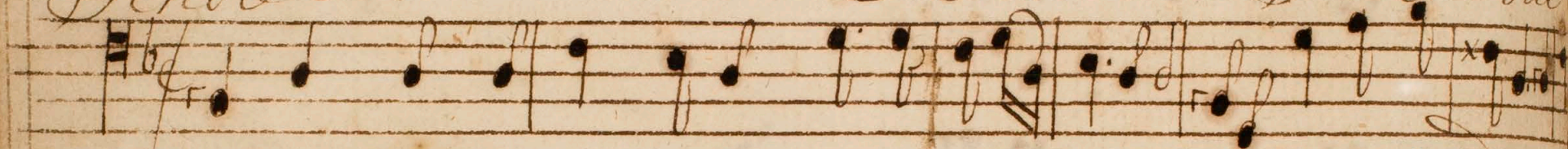
Bass



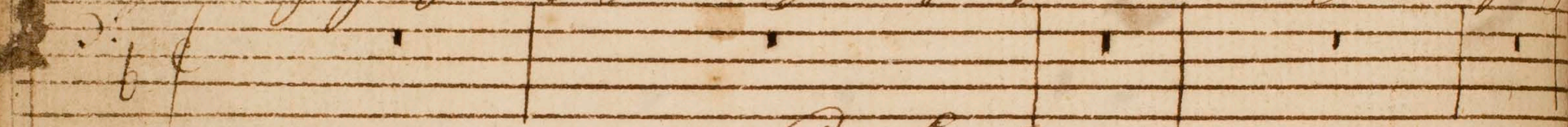


Tenor 2

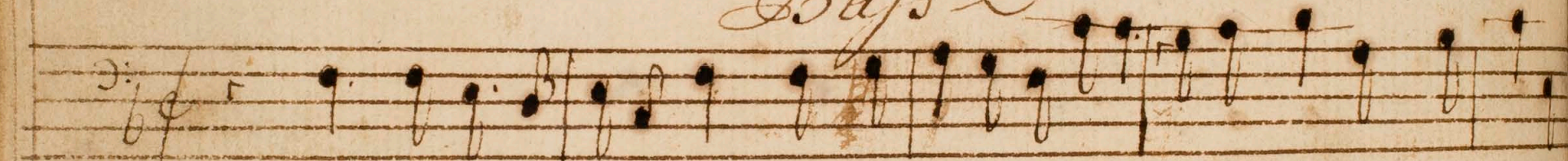
An Anthem Taken out



I Charge you I Charge you O Daughters of Jerusalem If ye find my Beloved I Charge



Bass



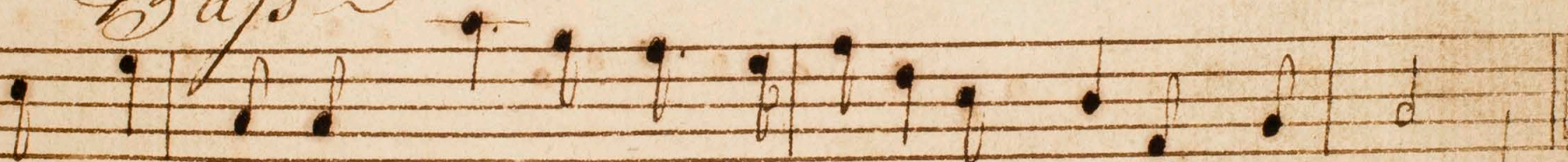
What is thy Beloved More than another Beloved O thou fairest thou fairest

of y^e 5th Chap^r of Solomons Song



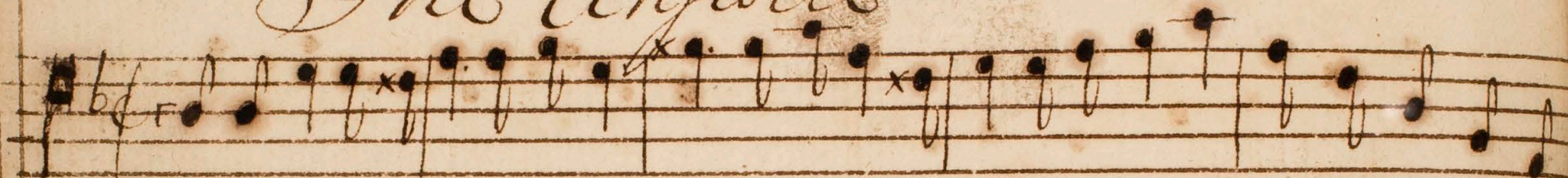
I Charge you y^t you Tell him I am Si-ck of Love y^t I am Si-ck of Love

Bass

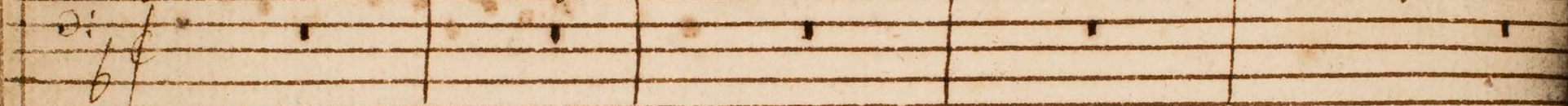


Among Women What is thy Beloved that thou dost So Charge ~~you~~ ^{us}

23 The Answer



My Beloved is white & Ruddy white & Ruddy of Cheek Among Ten thousand thousand thou-



Soft.



Altogether lovely this is my Beloved this is my Beloved this is my Beloved My Beloved



this is my Beloved this is my be-loved this is my Beloved

22
Chorus. Tenor & Bass

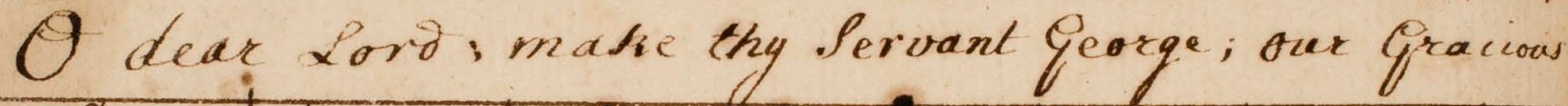


land ten thousand thousand thousand. Yea he is altogether lovely altogether lovely =



And this is my friend O Daughters O daughters of Jerusalem

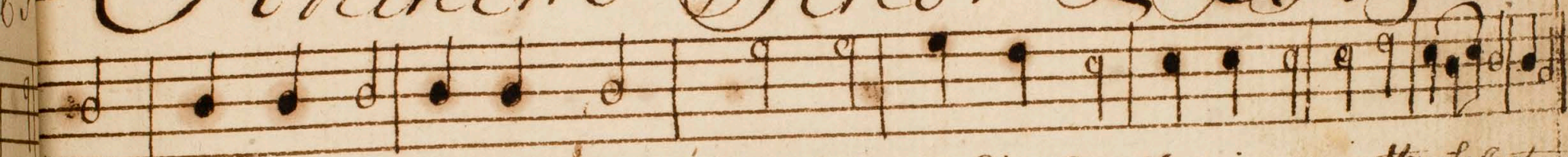
King George's—



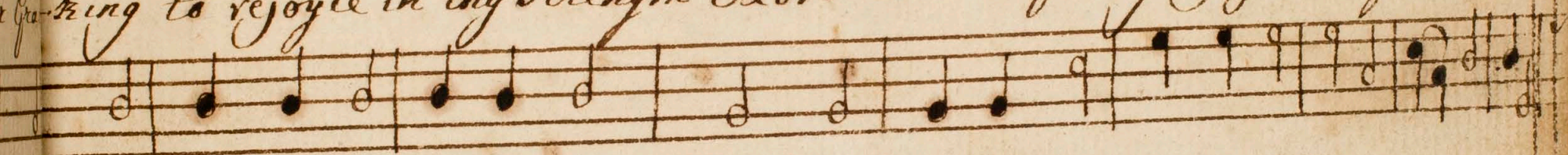
O Lord give him Everlasting felicity good God give him Everlasting felicity



Anthem Tenor & Bass



king to rejoyce in thy Strength O Lord let him Greatly rejoyce in thy Salvation



ty: Prevent him O Lord with y Joy of thy Countenance with y Joy of thy Coun =



Flute

and you may hear in

Anthem Tenor & Bass

26



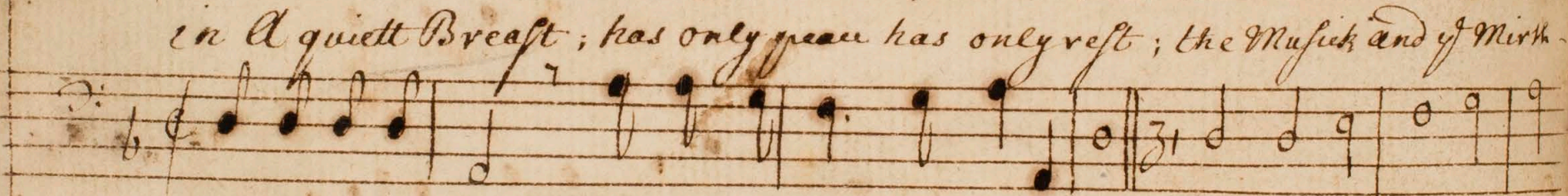
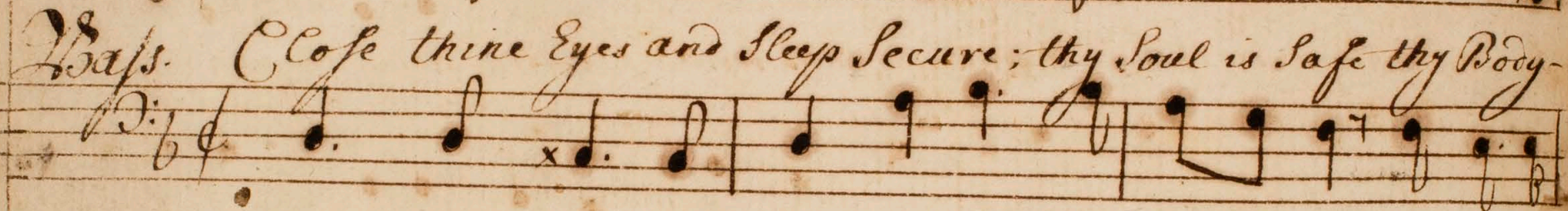
Halalujah Halalujah Halalujah Ha-h-Hi-h Halalujah Halalujah Halalujah



28

Tenor

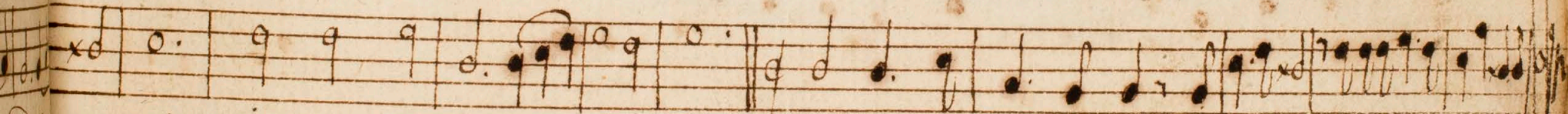
An Hymn on A -



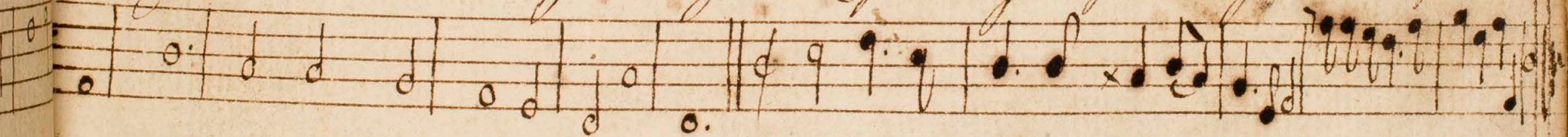
27 A - Quiet Conscience Tenor & Bass



thy - Sure; he that Guards thee he thee keeps Who Never Slumbers Never Sleeps a quiet Conscience

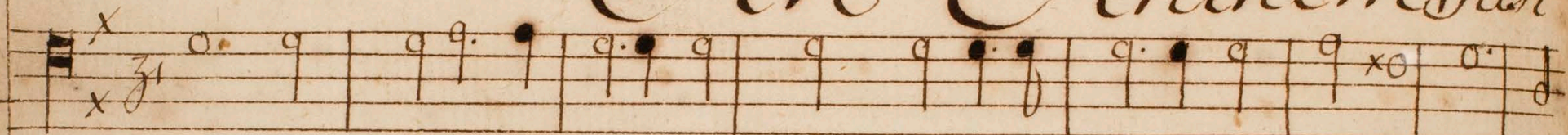


and of Kings are out of tune unless She Sings Then Close thine Eyes in peace and rest ^{as thine no rest so far} because no sleep so sweet

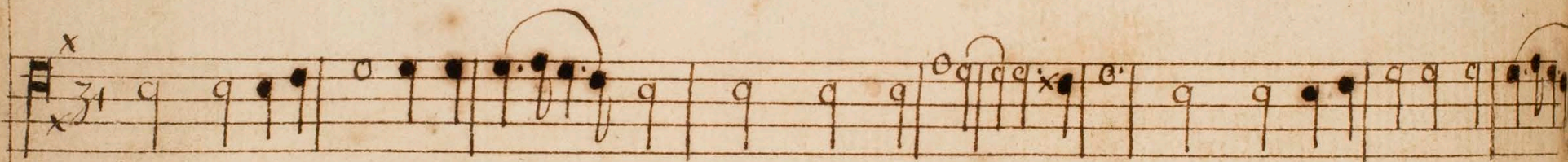
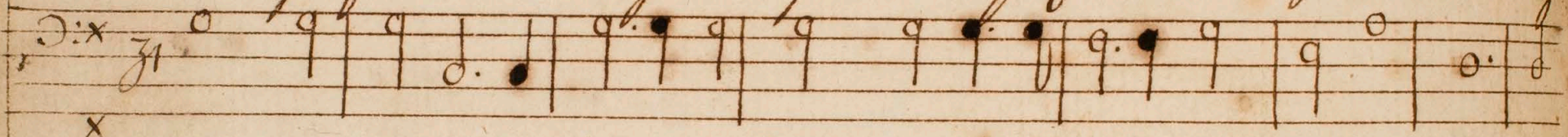


30

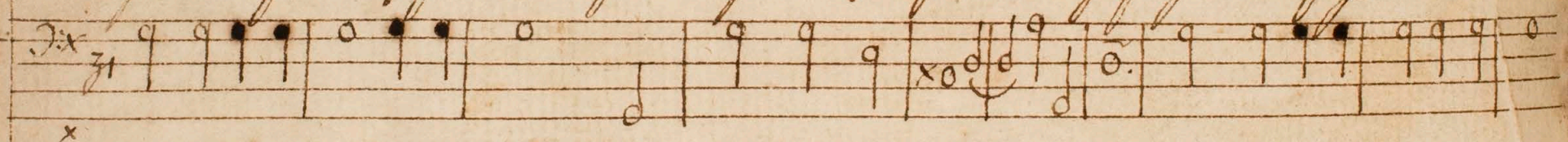
An Anthem Tak



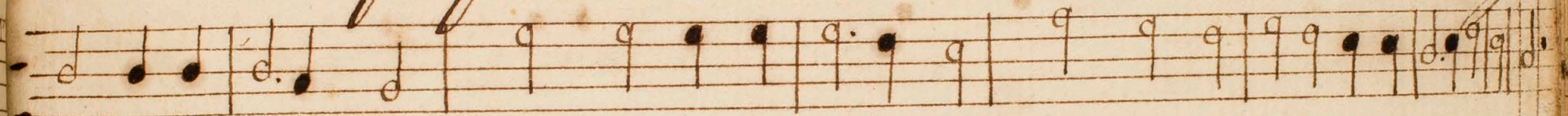
O Praise God in his holiness; Praise him in y^e firmament of his Power Praise



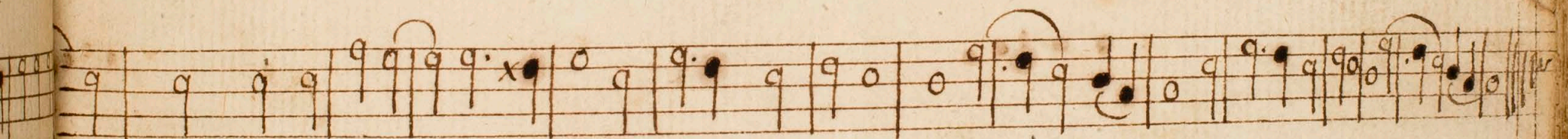
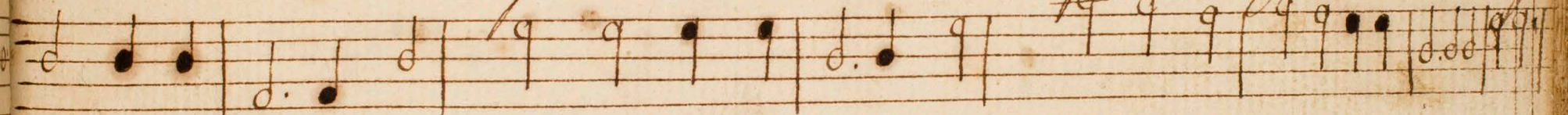
Praise him in y^e sound of y^e Tru = = mpett Praise him upon y^e lute & harp, praise him in y^e Cymbals and da = =



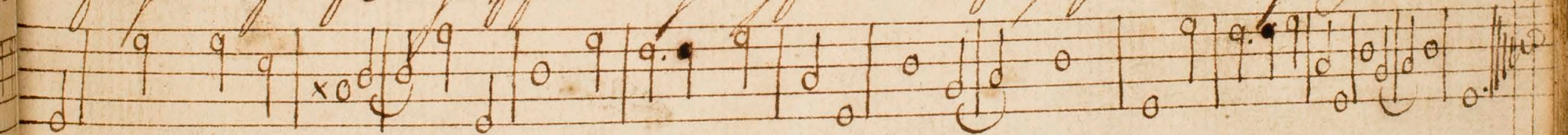
en out of y^e 150th Psalm Tenor & Bass 29



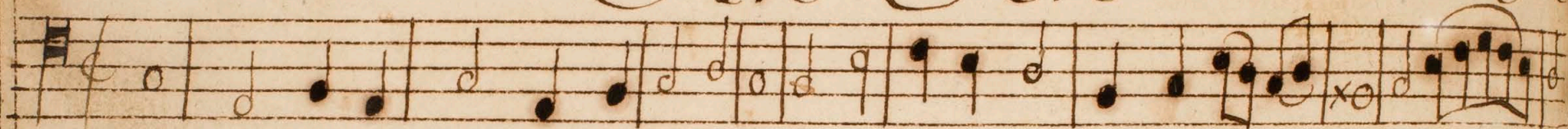
him in his Noble Acts Praise him in his Noble Acts; Praise him according to his Excellent greatness



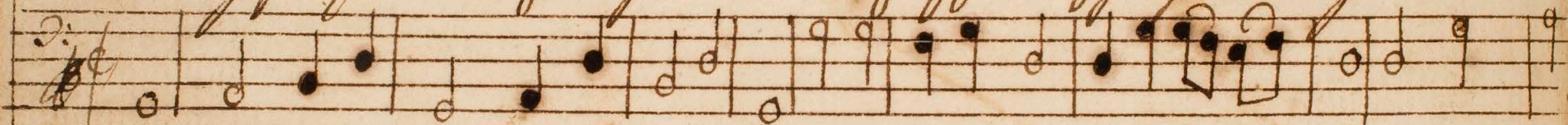
ences praise him upon y^e Strings & pipe let every thing y^e hath Breath praise y^e Lord let every thing &c



An Anthem Taken



O Pray for y^e Peace of Ierusalem, O Pray for y^e peace of Ierusalem they shal=ll Pros.



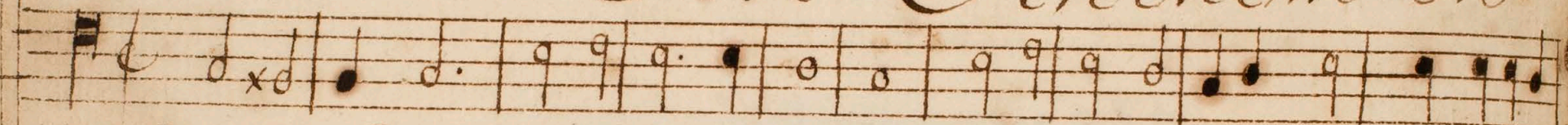
within thy Palaces; for my Brethren & Companions Sake I will wish thy Prosperity; yea



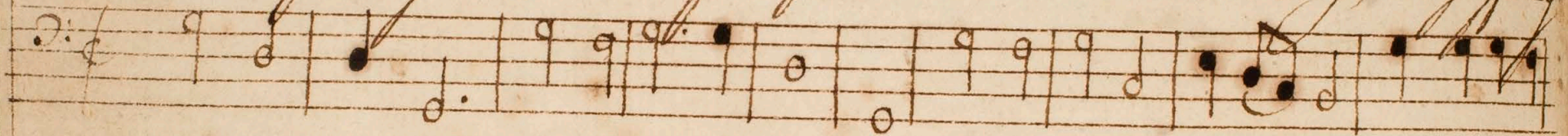


3

An Anthem on



Zadoch yf Priest; & Nathan yf Prophet; Anointed Solomon King; And joyfully



for Ever and for Ever; for Ever and for Ever; God Save the King; God Save



King Solomon Tenor & Bass

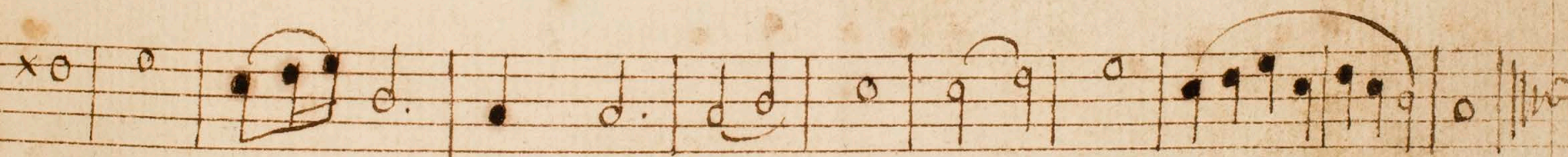
32

Kings

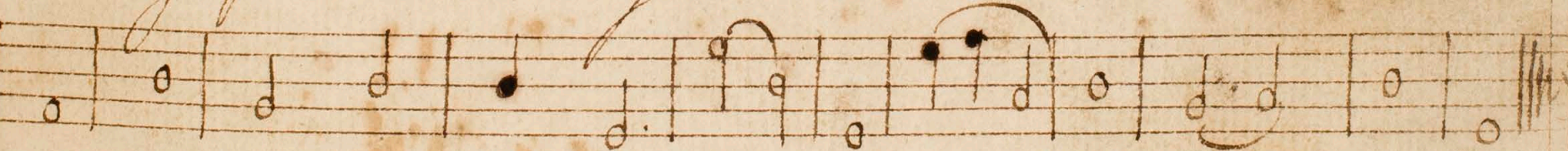
Chap. 3. Book of



Approaching And joyfully Approaching they Cry'd They Cry'd God Save the King



the King God Save the King A = = men A = = men A = = = = men



Número 9 de J^o - 1741 -

Men

1756

Neagro

[Large decorative flourish]



35
Tenor,

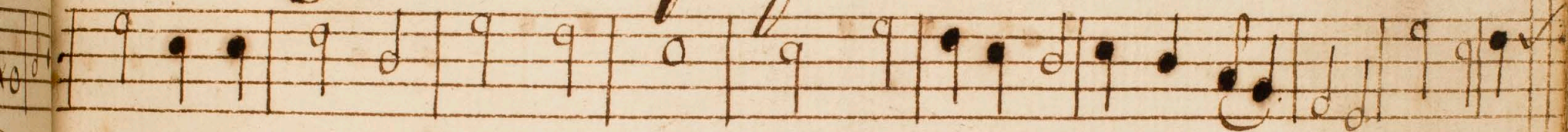
An Anthem—

Bass. O how glorious art thou O God; how glorious art thou O God and wonder—

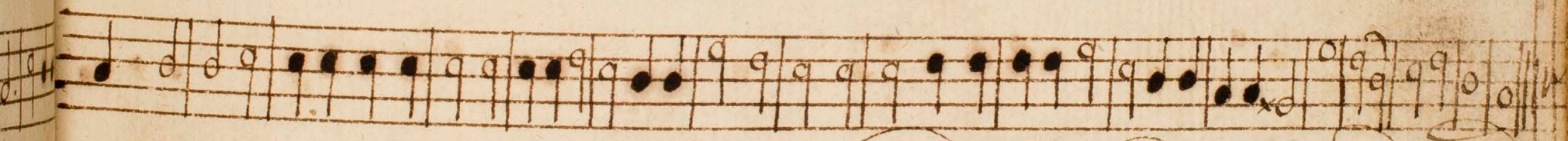
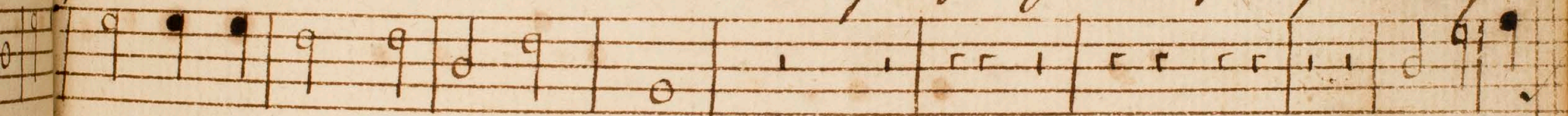
Tenor,

Bass. = yf Simple out of yf dust; and liftest yf poore out of yf Mire And liftest yf poore out of yf Mire; and glouf him

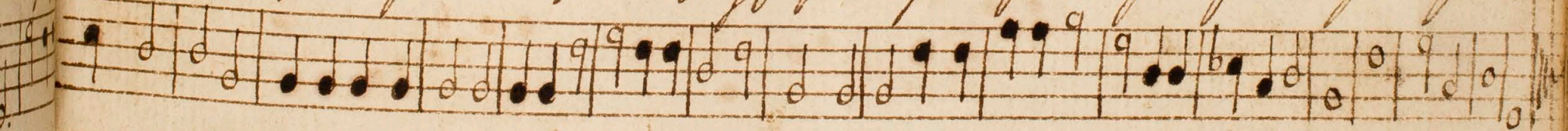
Taken out of y^e 13th Psalm 34



full in all the works of thine hands; Thou raisest, y^e simple out of y^e dust thou raisest



with princes & pleast him wth princes & wth y^e Princes of thy people O Blessed be y^e Lord, O Blessed be y^e Lord, O, ... be y^e Lord



37

An Anthem for



Christ being raised from y^e dead; dieth no more; for in that he died he



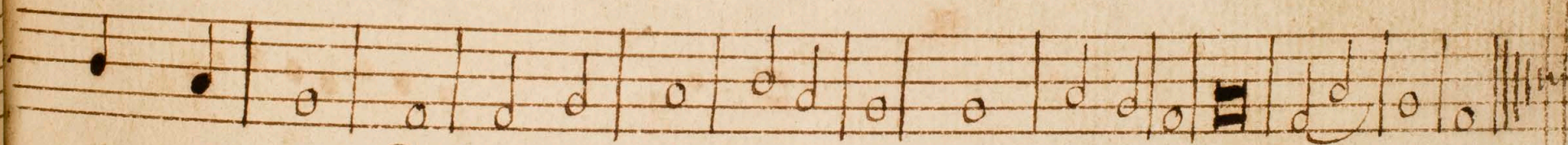
that we may so die unto Sin, that we may rise tha = = = = = t we



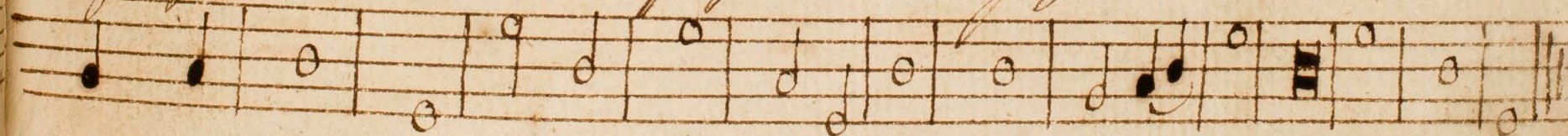
Easter Day Tenor & Basses



Lied unto Sin But lieth unto God O Lord Grant that we may that we may



may rise with him to the life Imortal through Jesus our Lord Amen



A Song Made on



How well do this Harmony's Meeting Prove; a feast of Music



Chorus Shew forth of Concord of our hearts for Friendship is Nothing



2d & 3d Come then let us joyfully (heartfully) Sing; & Speak in of Praise of great George our King



4th Musik Festival Tenor 38



is a feast of love; Where kindness is in Tune And we in Parts; do but



but a Concord of Notes; And Musick is Made by a Friendship of Notes

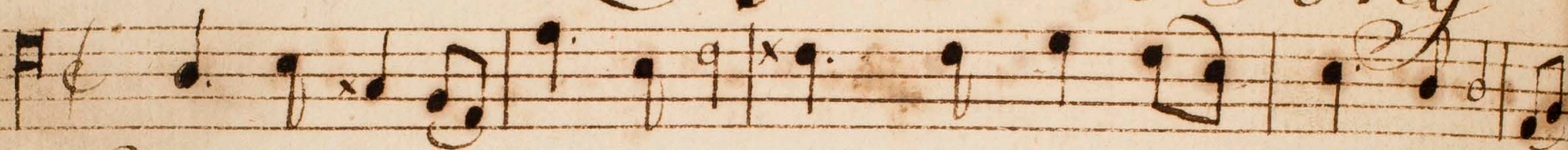


Come then let us *Swearfully* Joyfully Sing; & Speak in y^e Praise of great George our King



in

A Love Song



You I love my dear I do; More then all things here Below; with



The Tipling



Diogenes Surly & Proud he Snar'd at y^e Macedon Youth; he delight in



not able to Purchase a Flask; he Choos for his Mansion a Tub; So liv'd by the

Tenor And Bassus



a Passion for more Great; Than, Eve. Creature Good yet; & yet still you cry forbear; love No more or love not here

Philosophers Tenor &



wine if. was Good; because in Good wine there was truth; but Growing as poor as a Job

Scent of the Cask So Bred by the Scent of the Cask

Wh The Duke of Marlborough's taking



Sound the Trumpett, Sound the Trumpett A rub-a



= all his forces are come; O the English Boys are those that will make



of A Town in Flanders Tenor & Bass ^{W3}

dub-a-rub-a-dub thus let y^e Drum beat; for now the duke and

the French to run; O Rub-a-dub-a-dub-a-dub they run they run

The gliding Steam

Our neglected harps unstrung
Not acquainted With The hand
On the Willow Trees We hang
Near the rivers side that stands
Planted in our Neighbours Neighbours land

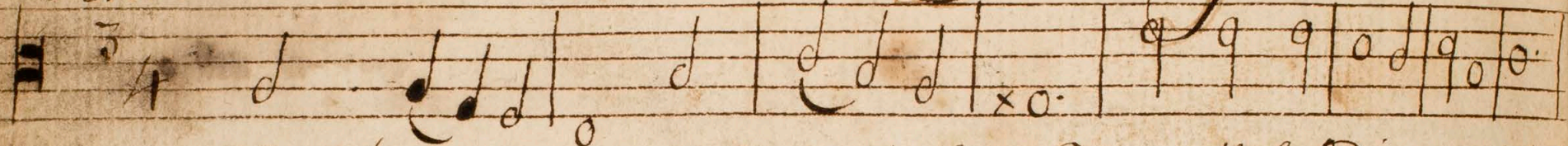
Yet the spiteful foes command { songs of mirth and bid^{lay}
To dum harps our captiv'd ^{hand} and to us did scoffers say

And to us did scoffers say

sing us some sweet Hebrews Lay

Tenor

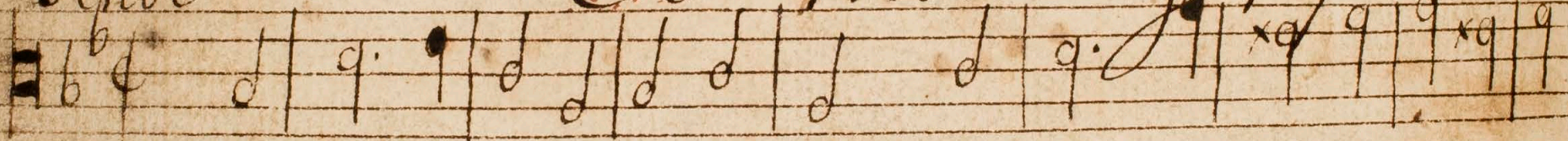
An Evening



Bass - Sleep downey Sleep come Closer mine Eyes; Tir'd with beholding vanities -

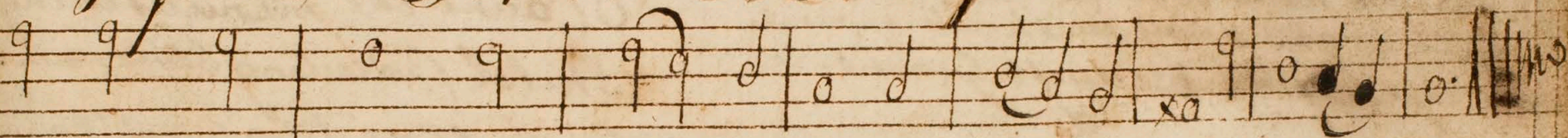
Tenor

A Morning Hymn

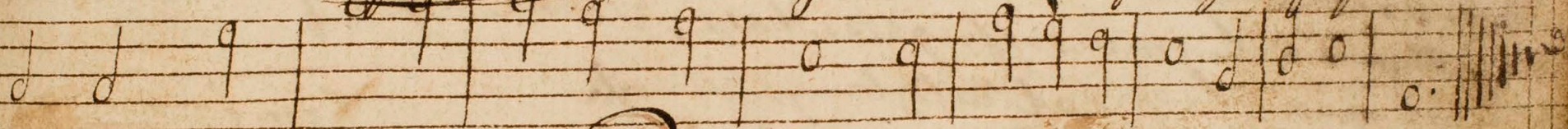


Bass - Awake my Soul awake Mine Eyes: Awake my Brow for faculties =

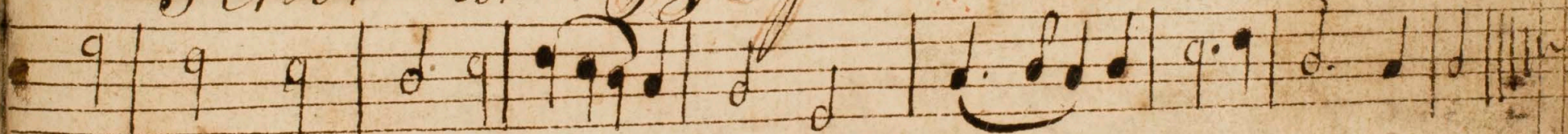
Hymn Tenor & Bass



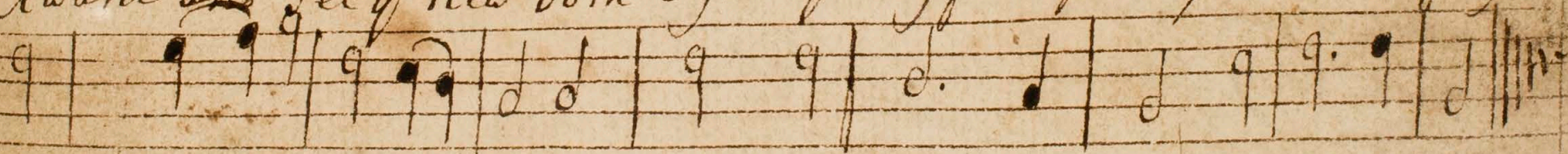
welcome Sweet Sleep that drivest away the toils and fo'leys of y^e day



Tenor and Bass



Awake and see y^e New Born Light: Sprung from y^e dark som womb of night



(2)

The

Chimes..

The Peals of Death both great & small,
In various notes soon us call,
Youth sighs away in shriller moans,
And age expires in deepest groans.

3

The Trembling walls around awake,
And Stones o'er graves affrighted shake;
Whilst men sleep eat talk laugh & drink
And like brute beasts never on it think.

4

On line of life our body's hung,
As heavy weights still downward run:
But never again up to be wound,
When once they touch the fatal
Ground

O Count the minutes thing thou
Whilst Circulating blood renews the
rate
For by those Measures thou must
Thine Hopes of an eternal state

Fines

Will

The Gliding Streams
Our neglected harps unstrung,
Not acquainted with the hand,
On the willow trees we hung,
Near the rivers side that stand
Planted in our Neighbours land.

3
Yet the spiteful foes Command
Songs of Mirth and Glee us lay,
So dum harps our Captiv'd hand,
And to us did scoffing say,
Sing us some sweet Hebrew lay.

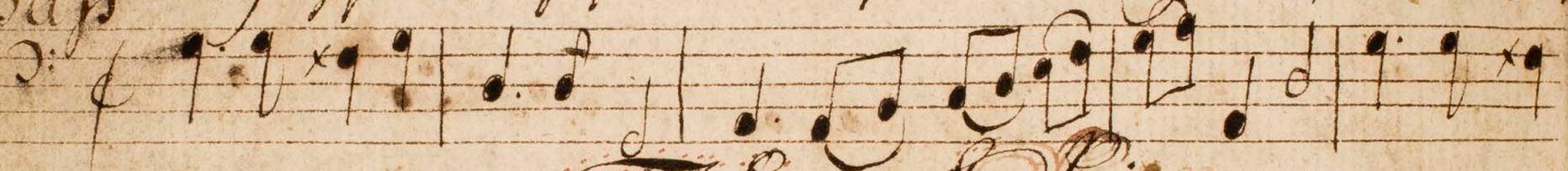
Finis

49
Tenor

The Gliding



Bass Sitting by y^e Streams y^e Glido; down by babels t^owring wall; with our tear



Tenor

The Chimes

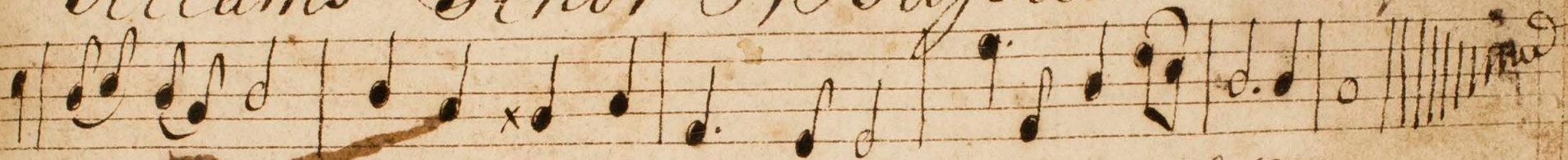


Hark hark how swift y^e Moments fly; And y^e not yet prepar'd to die =

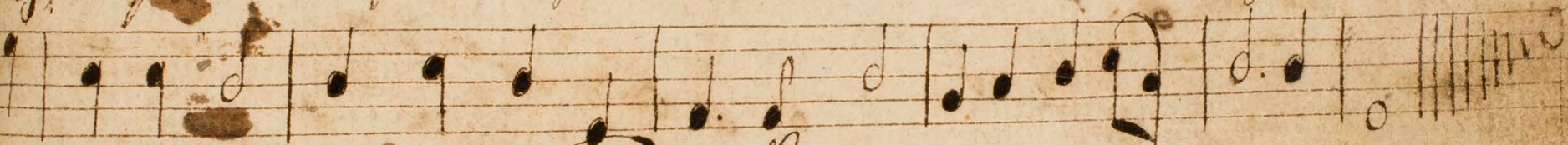


Dreams Tenor & Bassus ~

47



we fill'd y^e lido; whilst our mind full thoughts Recall; thee o' fion and thy fall

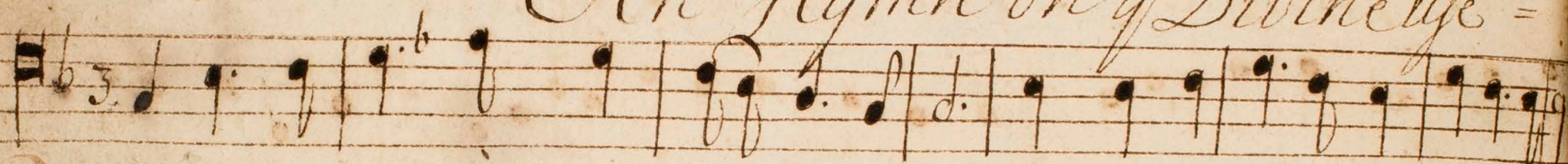


Tenor & Bassus ~



By day by night y^e Tommons Sound; but Sleep or Cares it, Crying Drowns



An Hymn on y^e Divine use =

We Sing to him whose Wisdom form'd y^e Ear; our Songs o thou who gavest us voices hear



Chorus ~



That praise Rehears which is y^e musick of y^e universe } And whilest we Sing we Consecrate



of Musick Tenor And Basses ~

50



Joy in God who is y^e Spring of Mirth: whose Loves y^e Harmony of Heav'n & Earth; our humble Sonnets shall =



our Art; and offer up with Every Tongue a heart ~



Christmas Day (6)

What earthly Harmony can reach,
Up to theme so high;
When angels new could soar, & Pilch,
Who dwell above, yet shy.

(3)

Lo! heaven this day! descends to earth,
The mortal mortals grows;
Made made man, by this stupendous Birth,
To quell our deadly foes.

(4)

In swaddling Bands, & Godhead lies,
To Human flesh, debased;
That we, his dearly Ransomed pride,
Might be to glory raised.

(5)

Long let the Universal Frame,
The great redeemer sing;
And men and angels at the name,
Do bow to yf mystick King.

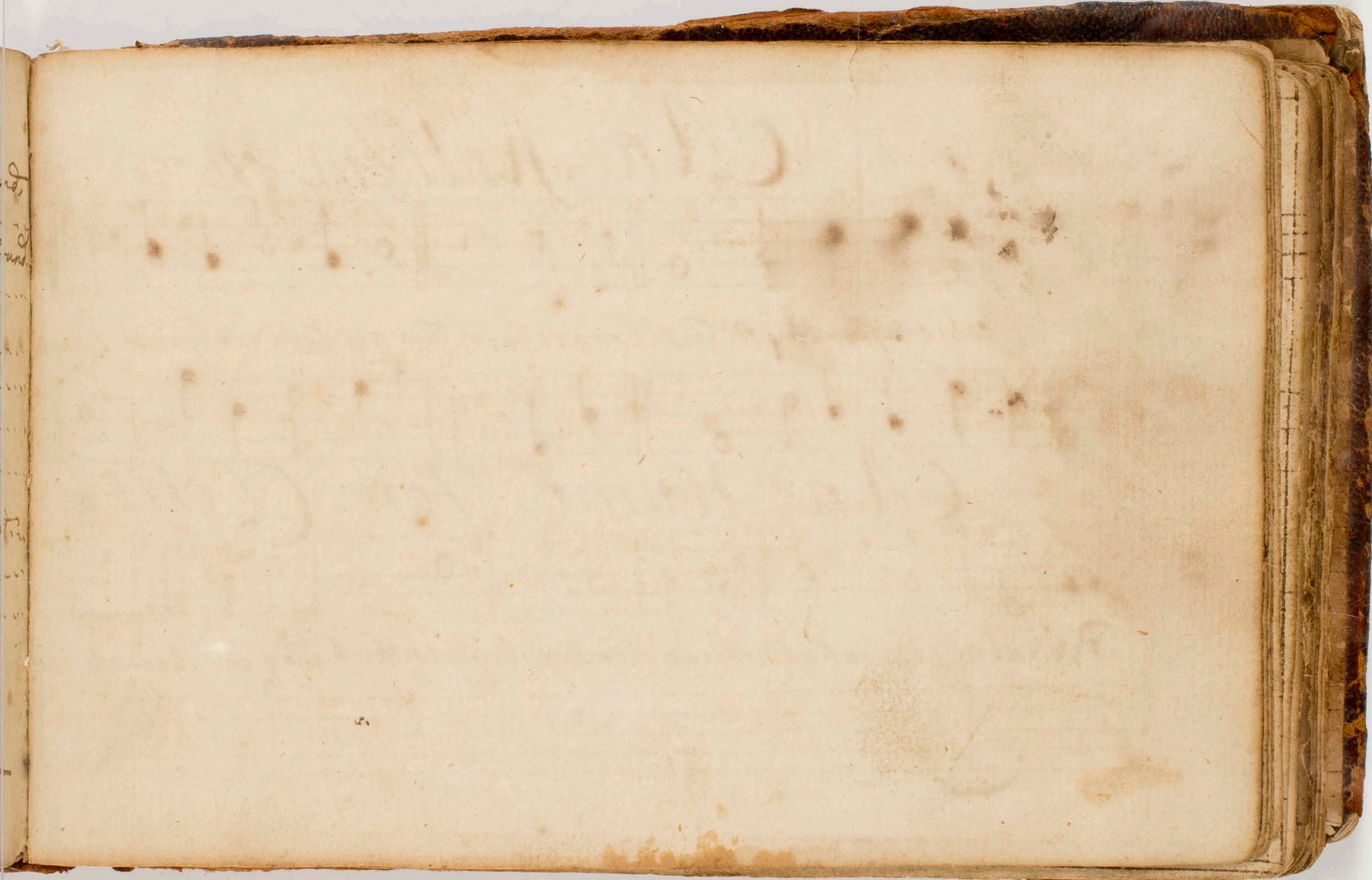
Redemption, be the General sound,
This day no grief appear;
From earth to heaven, & Notes rebound
And mercy Smil'd to hear.

O'tis too little, all we can,
For this rebounded love;
All that was ever, Writ by man,
Or sung in hymns above!

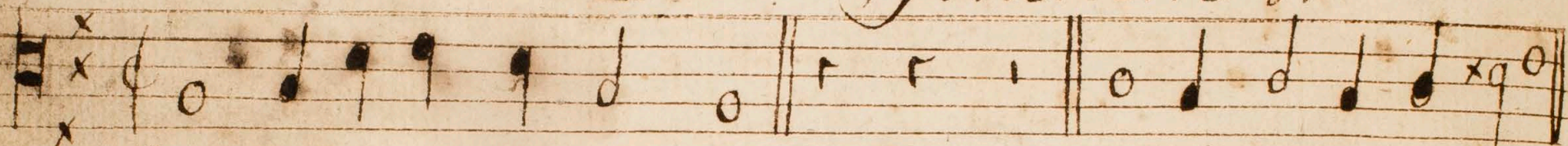
(8)

But tho' we can't fit language find,
We praise! Believe, adore;
With joyful Hearts & Souls resigned,
And wish we could do more

Finis.



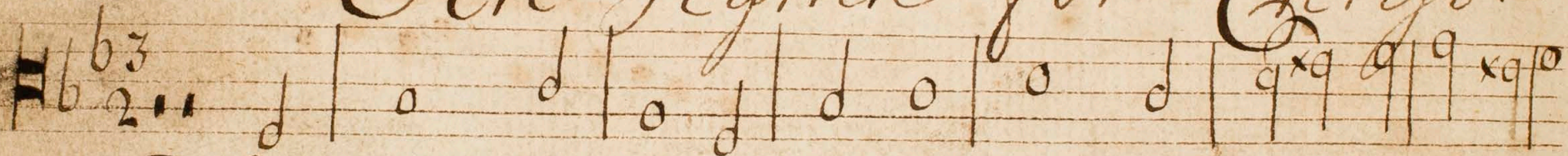
An Anthem on = =



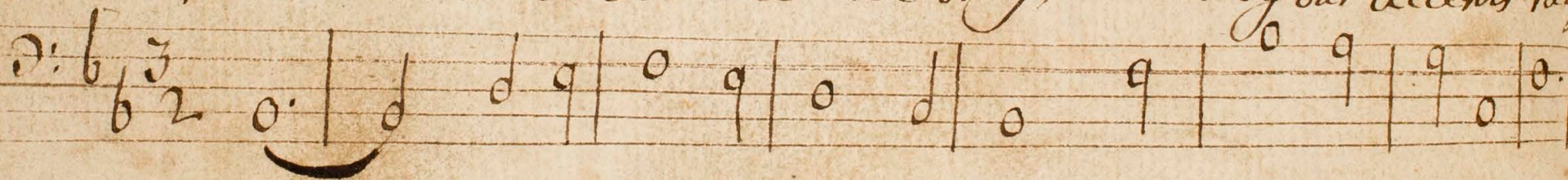
Let Ambition fire thy Mind thou art born thou art born ore men to Reign



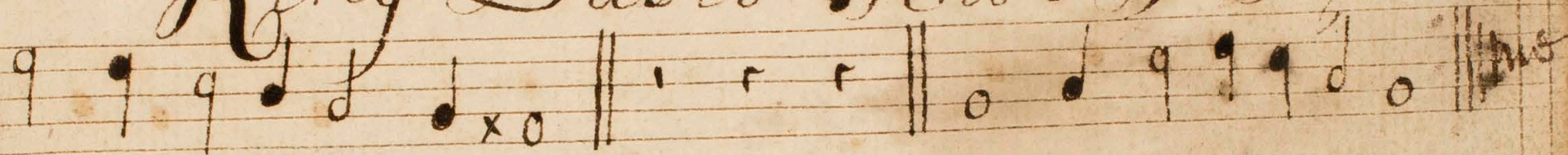
An Hymn for Christ = =



What words what voices can we bring; which way our Accents raise



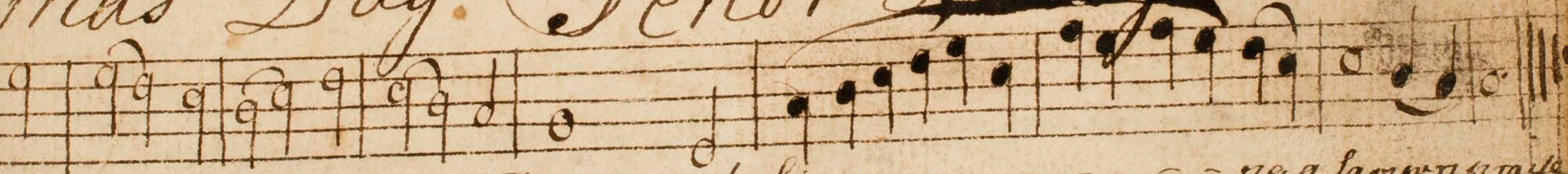
King David Tenor & Bassus -



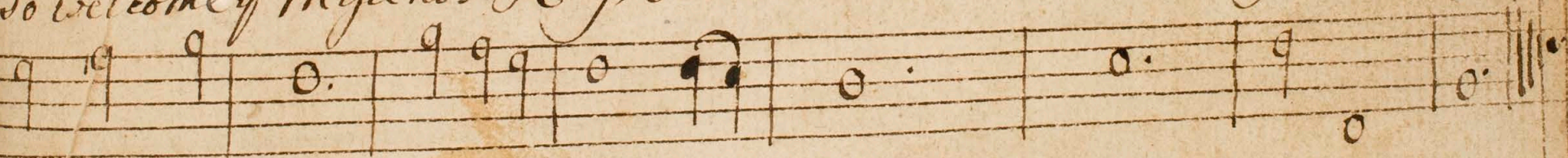
Not to follow flocks design'd. Scorn thy Crook. Scorn thy Crook and leave y^e plain



mas Day Tenor & Bassus -



To welcome y^e Mysterious King; And Si - - - - - ng a Saviour's praise

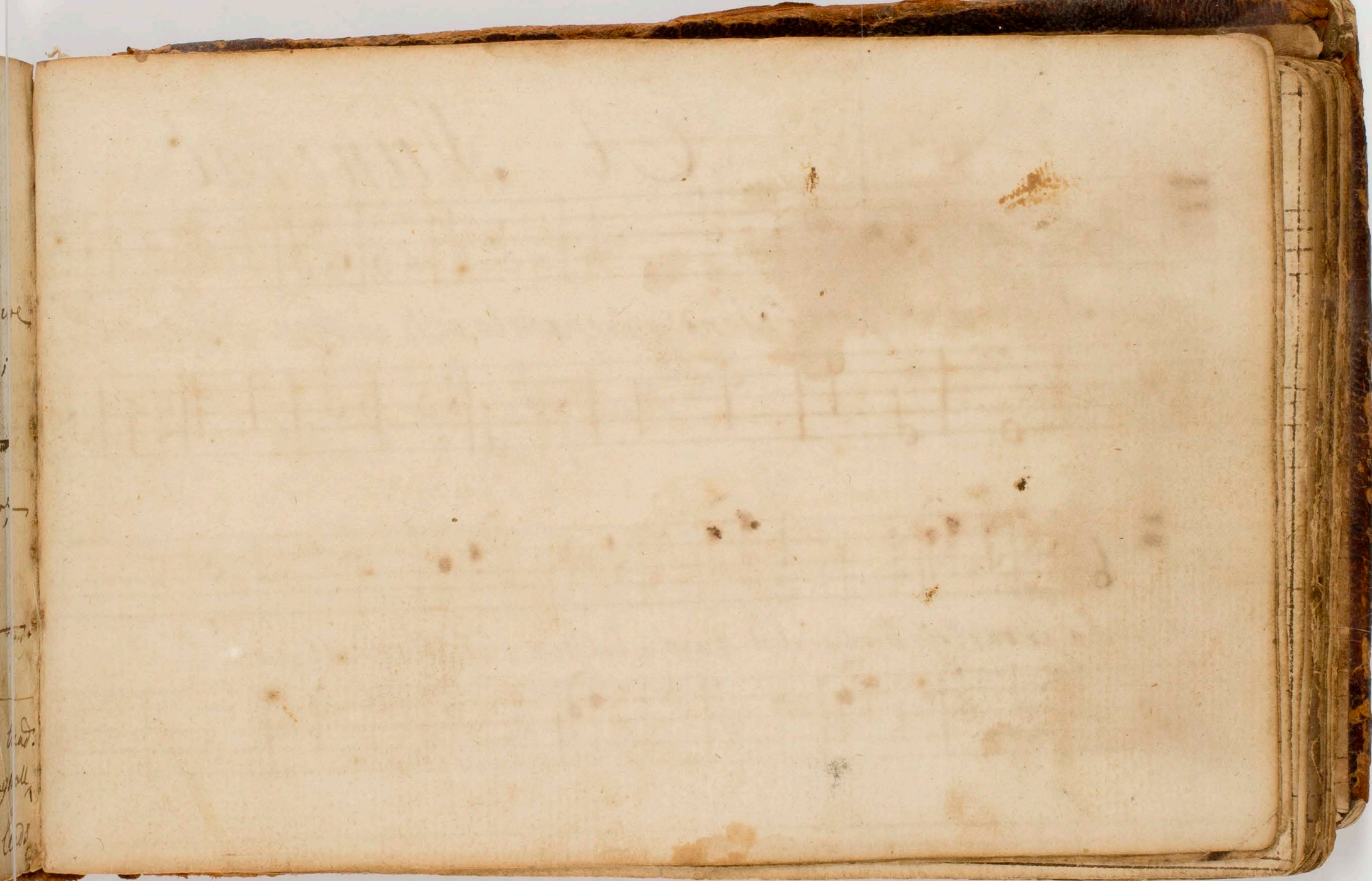


A Funeral Anthem

We at the Great discerning day, Shall all together meet.
And then our awful homage pay; At our Great masters feet.
When y^e Great Judge from his high throne, Bright Crowns of Gold shall give
To such as have their Precepts known, And studied well to live;
Oh let us then our hearts Prepare For that uncertain hour
When death shall end our painful care; With Sin And Satans power,
Lord give us grace our time to spend; In virtues Prudent way.
That when we ^{end} approach our latter No Guilt may us dismay

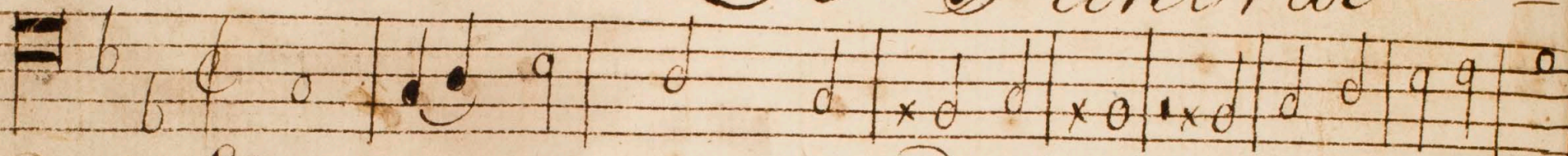
King David

Crowns y^e throw beneath thy feet, thou on necks thou on necks of King shall tread
Joys Encircling Joys shall meet which way ere which way ere thy fancy leads

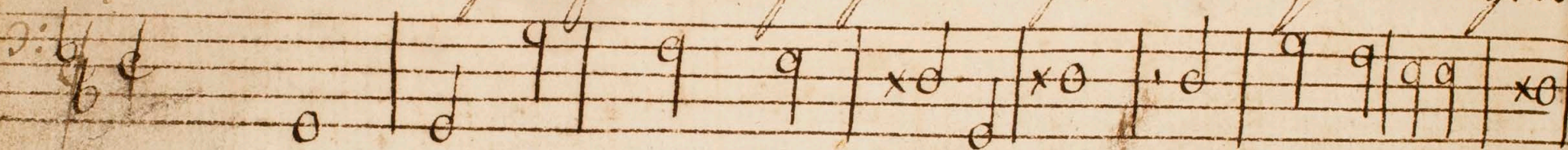


Tenor 55

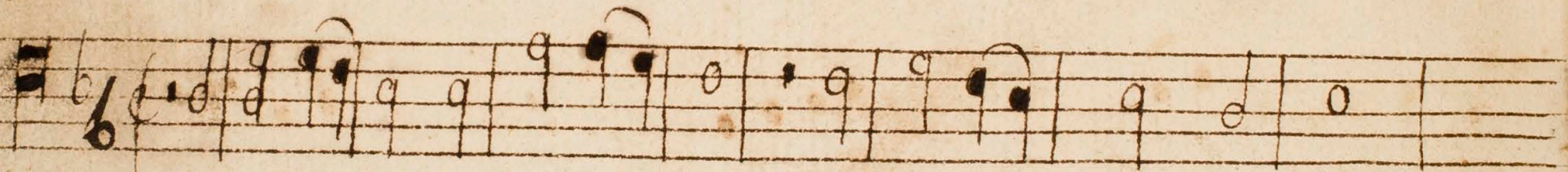
A Funeral = =



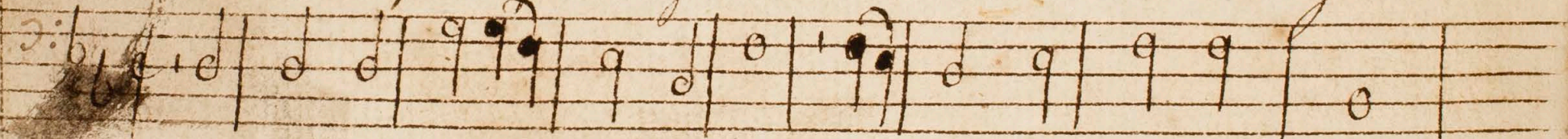
Bassus Since our good friends prepar'd to rest; within y^e Silent Gravel's



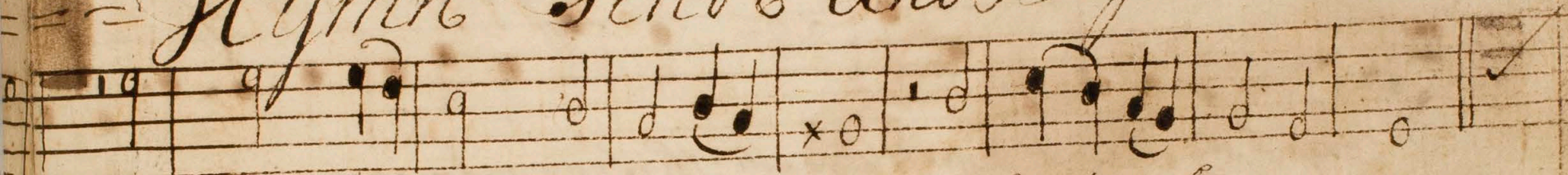
Tenor



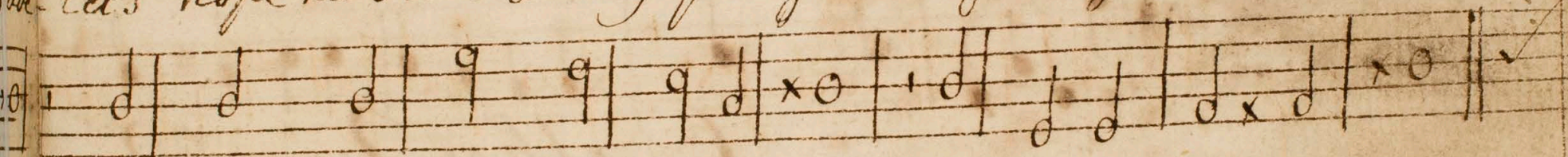
Bassus So is our loss his Greatest gain; let no rude hand Annoy



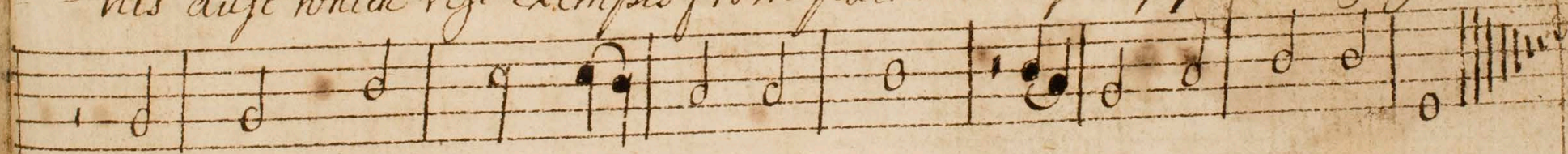
Hymn Tenor And Basses



Let's hope his Soul's among y^e Bleft; And fruitless Sorrow wave =

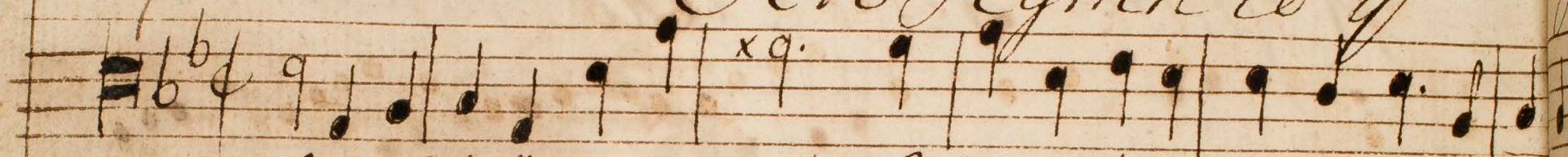


his dust which rest Exempts from pain; in hope of future Joy



57

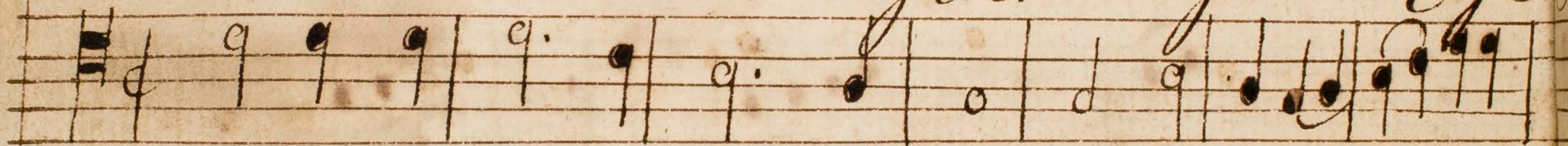
An Hymn to y^e



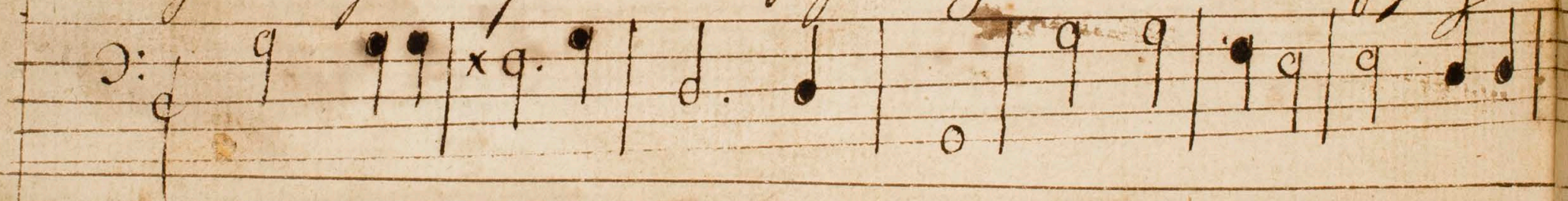
Come holy Spirit come & Breath; thy Spiy odours on y^e face of our



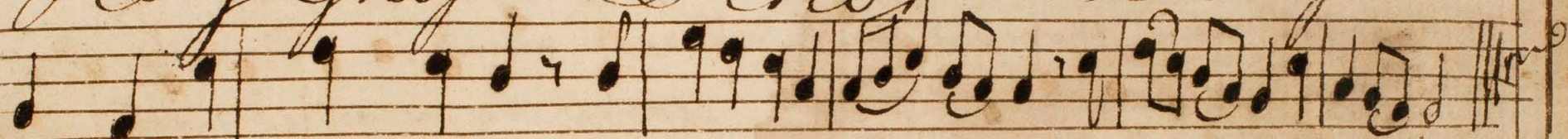
Gather Your Rose



Gather your Rose Buds whilest you may; old time is still a flying



Holy Ghost Tenor & Basses



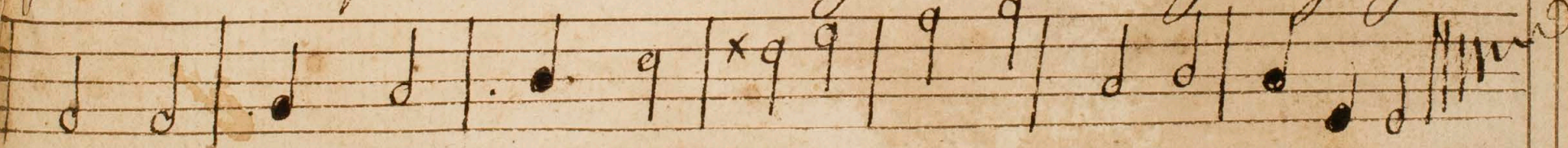
dull region here beneath, and fill our souls with thy sweet Grace and fill



Buds Tenor & Basses



for that same flow'r that smiles to day; to Morrow may be dying



To the Holy Ghost. (5)

Come and root out y^e poysonous weeds,
Which overrun & choke our lives;
And in our hearts plant thine own seeds,
Whose quickning power our spirit revives.
Whose quickning power &c. (3)

We can alas nor be nor grow,
Unless thy powerful mercy please.
Thy hand must plant, & water too,
Thy hand alone must give the increase
Thy hand. &c. (6)

First plant y^e humble violet there,
That dwells secure by dwelling low.
Then let y^e lilly next appear,
And make us chaste yet fruitful too.
& make. &c. (4)

So then, what thou alone canst do
So what to y^e so easie is;
Conduct us through this world ^{of woe}
And place us safe in thine own bliss
and place. &c. Finis

But O plant all y^e virtues lord!
And let the metaphors alone;
Repeat once more y^e mighty word,
Thou needst but say be bibbed one.
Thou needst. &c.

Latin

Rosas dum licet legite,
Saturnus est elatus;
Et flos qui gemat hodie,
Cras erit exicatus.

(2)

Traxit celi febus Quilans,
Quo altius iter tendit:
Citius me tam, de osculans,
Volucius decendit.

(3)

Sum licet ergo Conguges,
Et non aversa sitis:
Ne lapsa formant Calbes
Eternum fueriles.
Finis

English

Gather your roses buds whilst you ^{may},
Old time is still a flying: say
For y^t same flower that smiles to
Tomorrow may be dying.

(2)

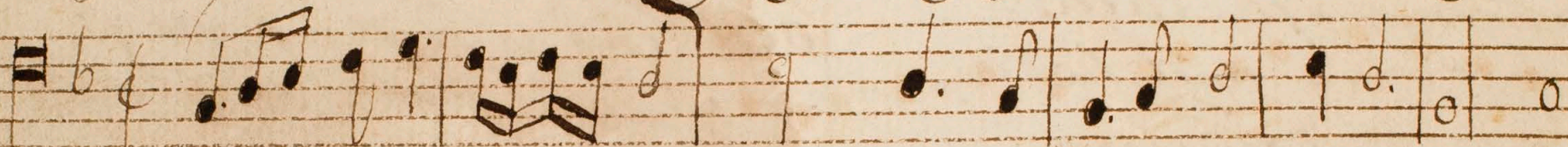
The glorious lamp of heavenly Sun
The higher it is a getting:
The sooner will its race be run,
And the nearer tis a setting.

(3)

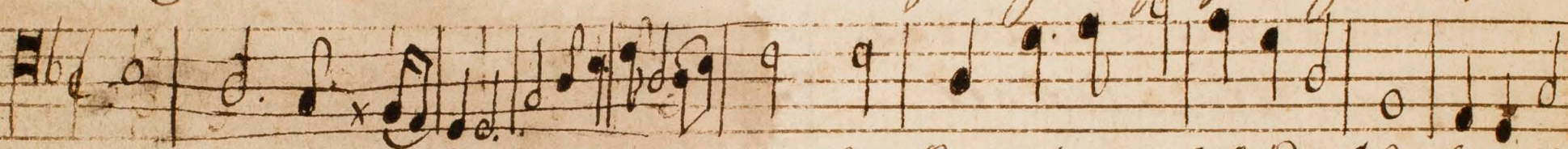
Maids be not coy but use your ^{time}
That whilst you may go marry
For having one but lost your ^{prime}
You may for ever tarry.
Finis

58

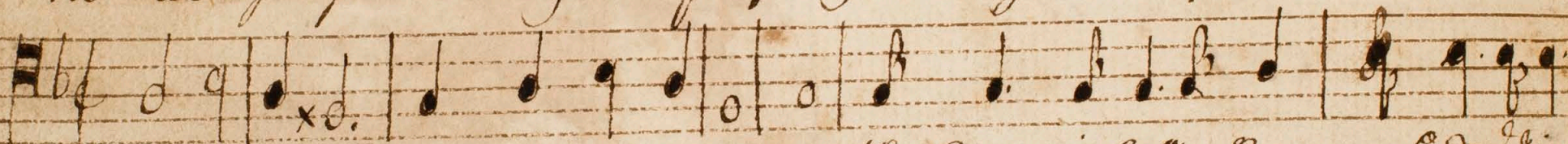
An Anthem Taken



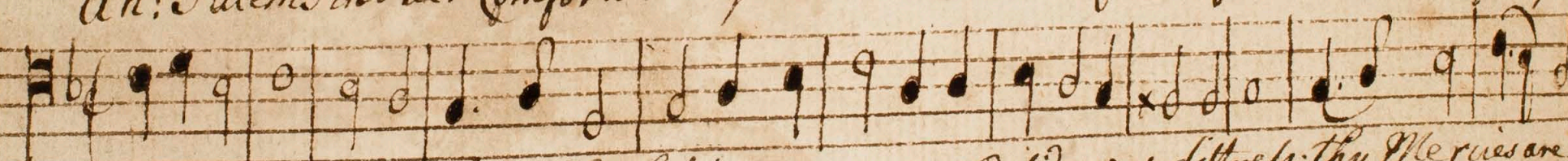
Oh! — — — — — how does y^e City weep y^e City weeps



how does Jerusalem solitary sit her priests sigh her virgins are afflicted Ah! Sion Sion



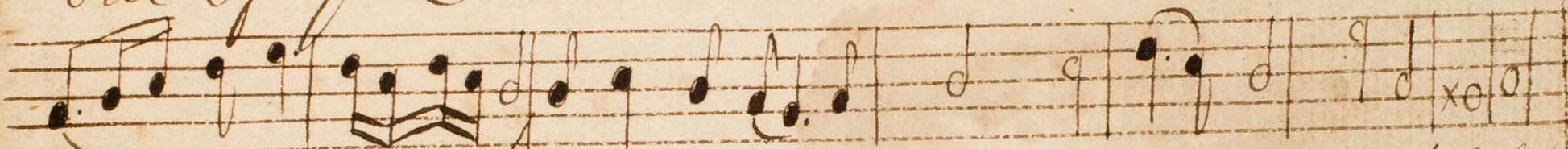
Ah! Salem Sion her Comforter is gone the Crown is fall'n from our head y^e joy



Rebeld O Remember O Lord what is come upon us Consider our distress; thy Mercies are

out of y^e Lamentations Tenor

59



Oh! y^e ways of Sion Mourn all her Gates are desolate



Ah! Sion Sⁱnd therefore She is Remov^d Ah! Salem, Sⁱnd Ah! Salem, Sⁱnd



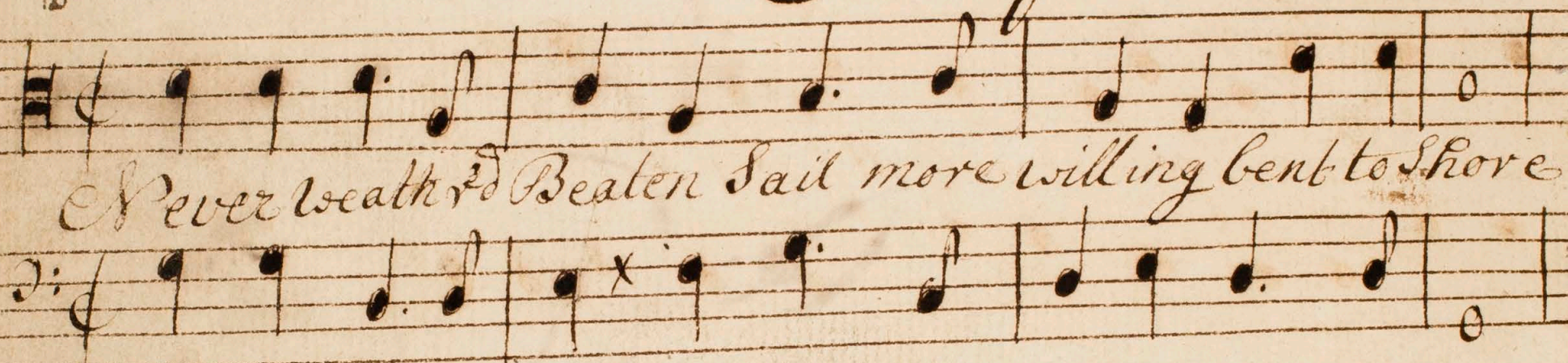
of our heart is Ceas^d Oh woe to us woe to us for we have Sⁱnd the Lord is righteous we have



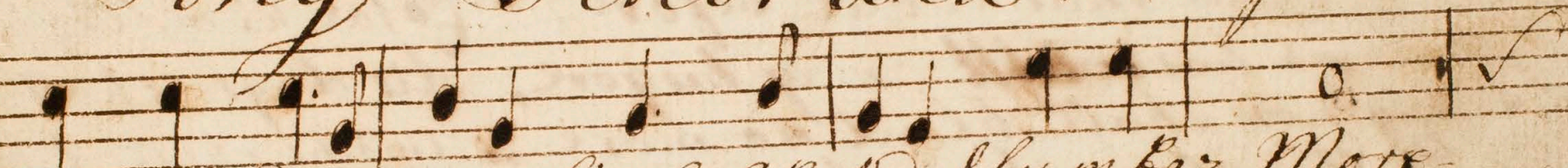
Every Morning Great is thy faithfullness thy fa^{ith}fullness

60

A Spiritual —



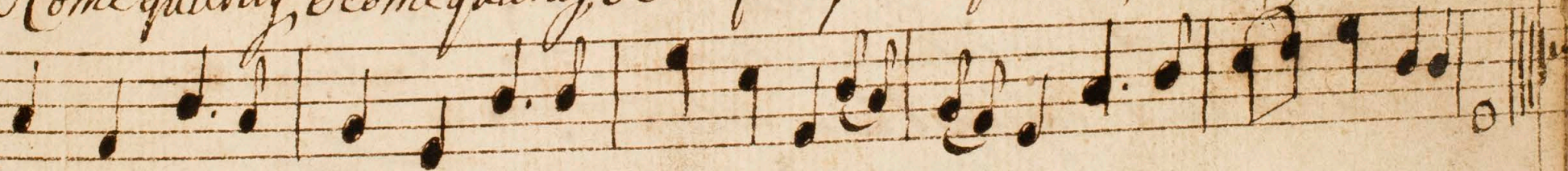
- Song Tenor and Bassus ⁶¹



Never tired Pilgrims limbs affected Slumber More



O Come quickly, O come quickly, O come quickly Sweetest Lord & take my Soul to rest



2
Behold y^e man that loved before, ^h Caesar himself it
Pure streams has ~~wast~~ away his gore, His days shall
And Pompey now shall bleed no more, And he shall fall
By death this glory I resume, He by severity
For I would have been a harsher doom, Shall be an offer
To out live the liberty of Rome. As I was his he

3
By me her doubtful fortunes tryed, Thy stormy life
Falling bequeathes my fame, this pride, Nor fate shall
I for it lived & with it dyed, And to thy Pompey
Nor shall my vengeance be with blood; ^{were past the years of} well entertain
Nor unattended with a flood, In cautious yim
Of Roman and Egyptian blood.

neys Ghost.

shall pursue,
troubled be y few;
by treason too.

Divine;
ing at my shrine,
shall be mine.

regrest no more,
after the soon ashore:
the restore,
our spotless love
mortal Groves.

6

Thers none a guilty crown shall wear,
nor Cesar be ditator their:

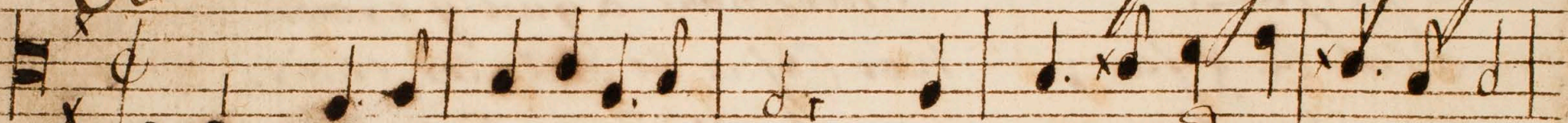
nor shall Cornelias shed a tear,

Thers none a guilty crown shall wear
nor Cesar be ditator their.
nor for neliars shed a tear.

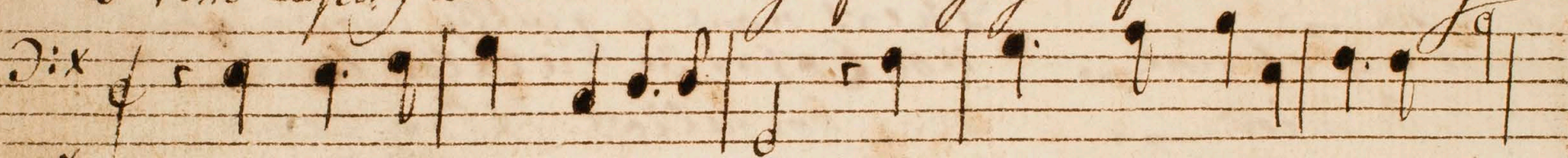
Diris

63.

I am pey, Ghost



From lasting and unclouded day; from joys refin'd above allay



Borrow'd Beams to visit my Cornelia's dreams



- Tenor & Bassus

62.



and from a Spring without decay; I come by Cynthia's =



and give them yet ~~yet~~ Sublimer theams



Birth of Christ



Seated all Seated on y^e Ground y^e Angel of y^e Lord came down = = n down = = n y^e

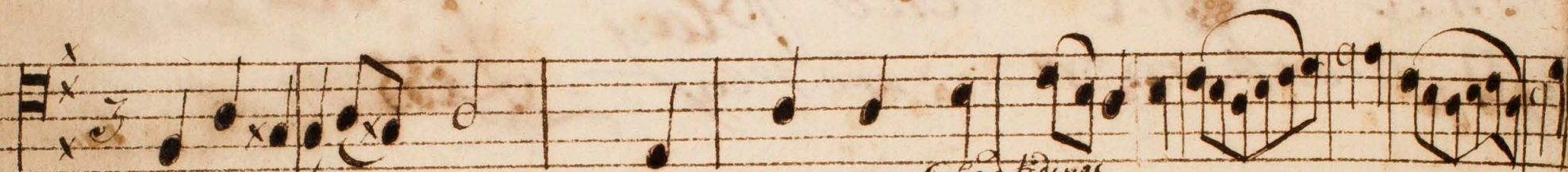


Spone Around. fear not. Said he for Mighty dread had Seiz'd their





work more and play well
In work more and play less and trust

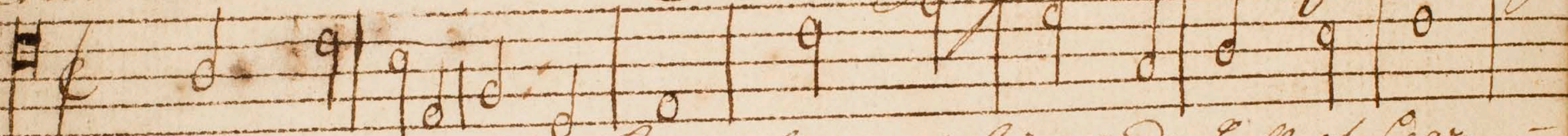


Troubled Mind Glad tidings of ^{Glad tidings} Great Joy of Great Joy of

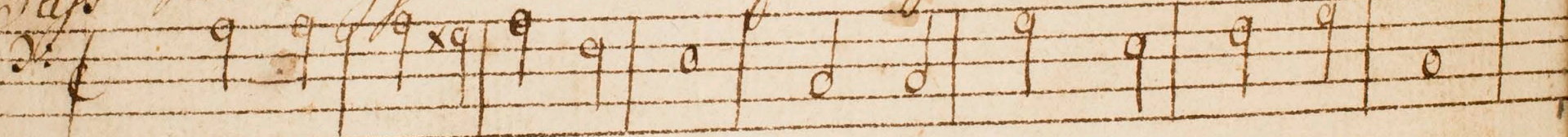
Soprano

Tenor

An Hymn on y^e Vanity



Bass How uneasy are we here; full of Sin And full of fear

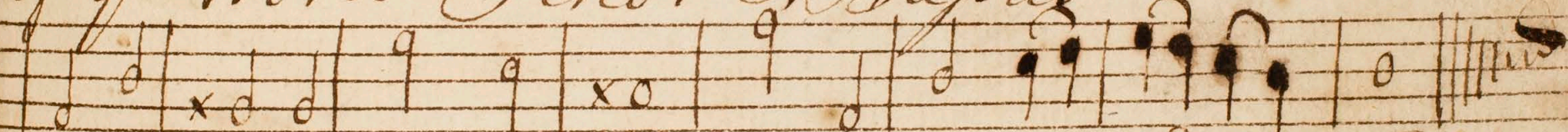




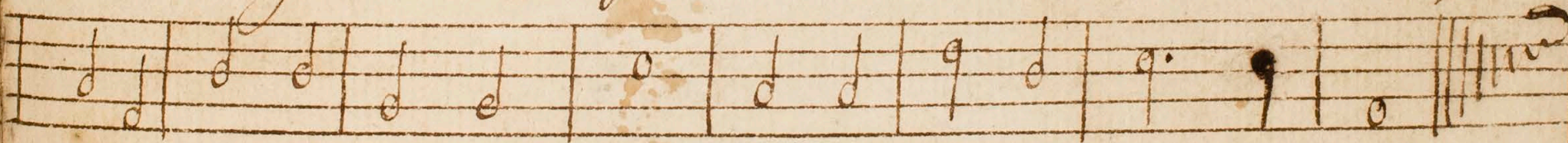
Great Joy I Bring to you and all : all: all: all: and all Mankind

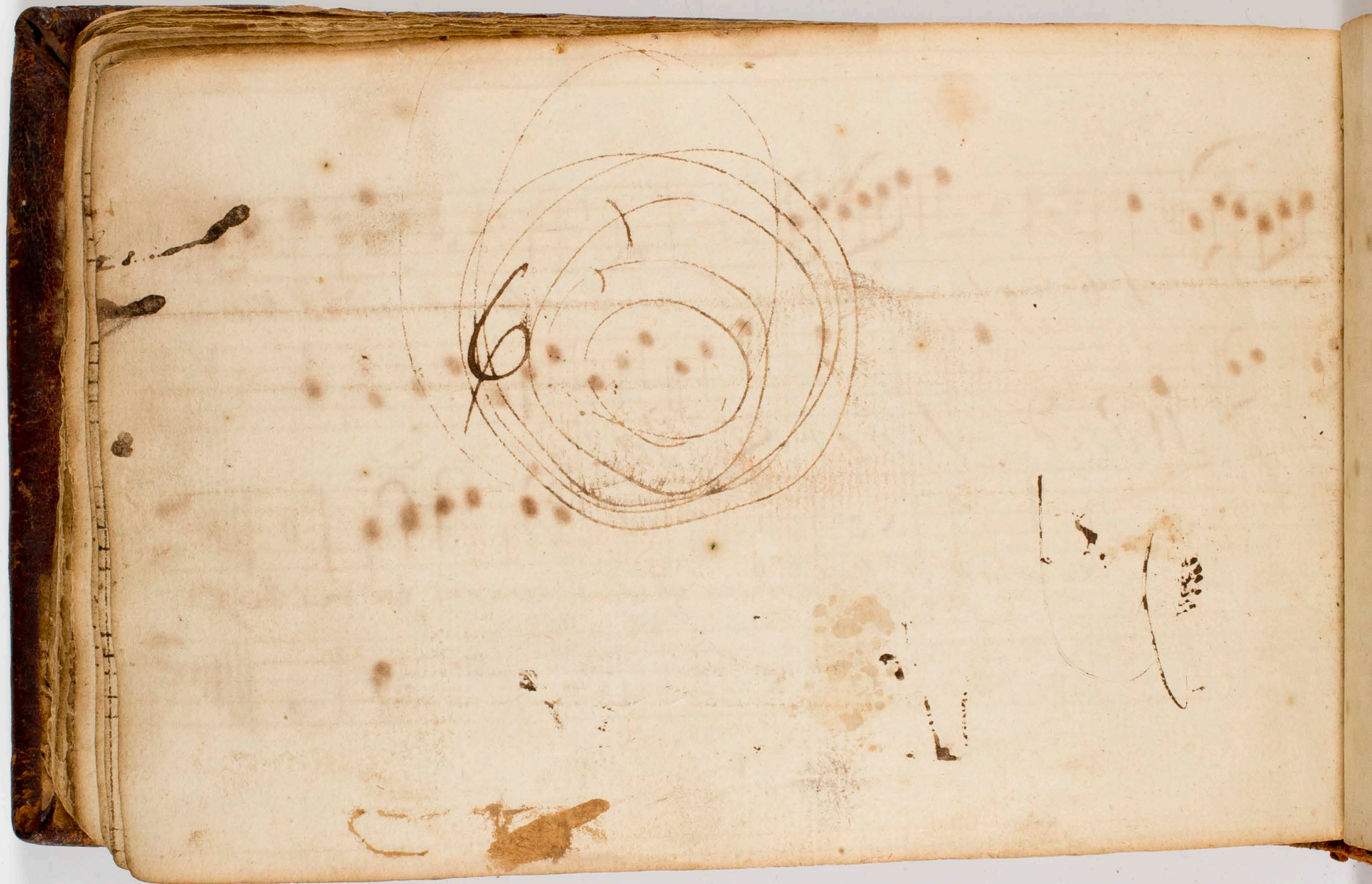


of y^e World Tenor & Basses



Ever weary We're all Rest; Fill in thee dear Lord We're Blest





3

Fortunates

1756

An Anthem Taken—



I heard a great voice as of a Tree — — — — — my self as of a



Clothed with a Garment down to y^e foot Clothed with a



= as Snow And his ~~hoped~~ were as a fla — — me of fire As were as a flame of



= of many wa — — ters And when I saw him I fell att his feet as de

out of y^e 1st Chap^r of y^e Revelations

I ru my self and I saw one like y^e Son of Man.

Garment down to y^e foot; his head and his hair were white like wool as white

fire And his feet like Brays and his voice as y^e Sound as the Sound

I fell att his feet as dead and he laid his hand upon me Saying
I am &c.



Little is his comfort and great is his
Blessing little is his comfort

6

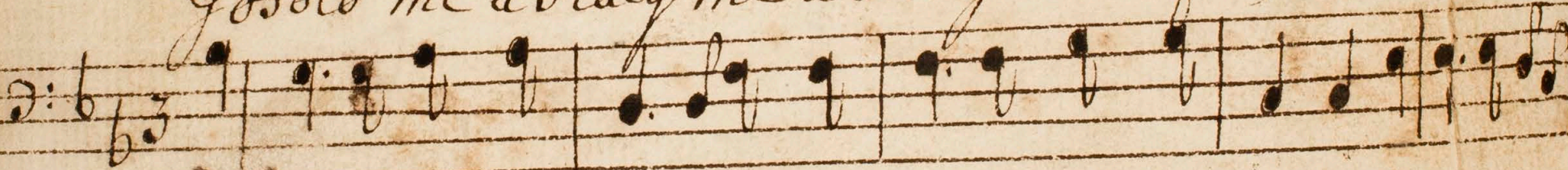
An Italian



o Dulcis me a Clora, o Clora me a Bella o Clora me a



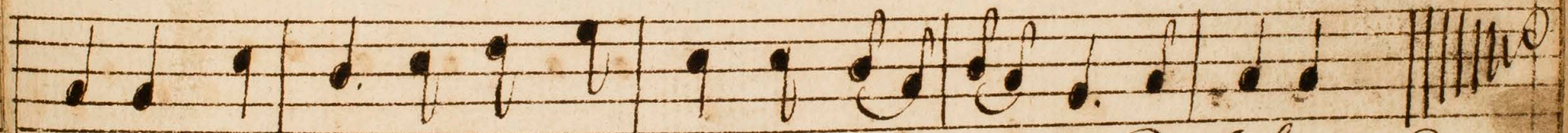
Jo solo me a Stacy, me a Struge me a faci, o Clora mea,



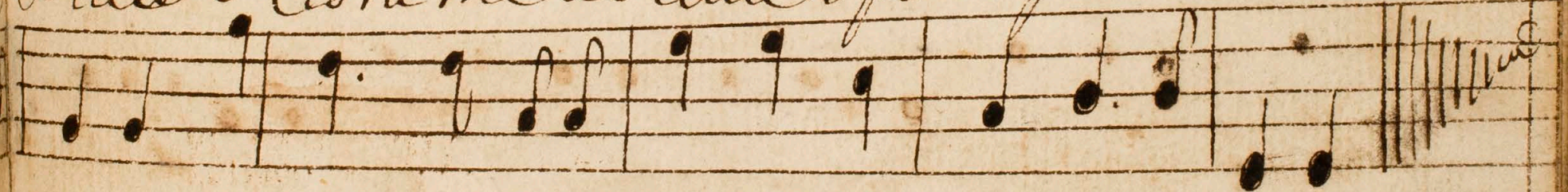
Song Tenor & Basses



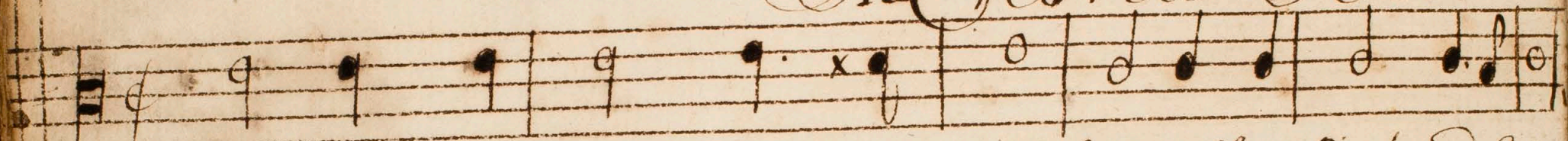
Stella Spiranza Dulclora; Talla me reflory Lavita mea Dory



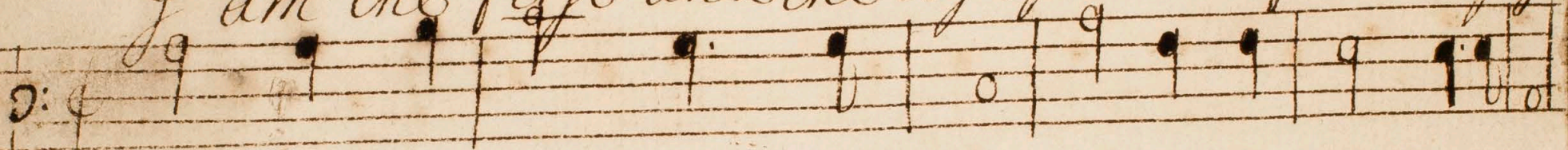
Bella O Clora mea Stella Spiranza Dulclora



The Corus Tenor



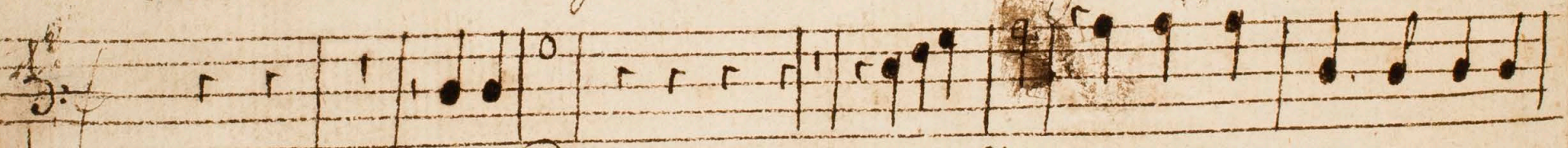
I am the first and the last; I am the first and the last



And Behold

I am alive

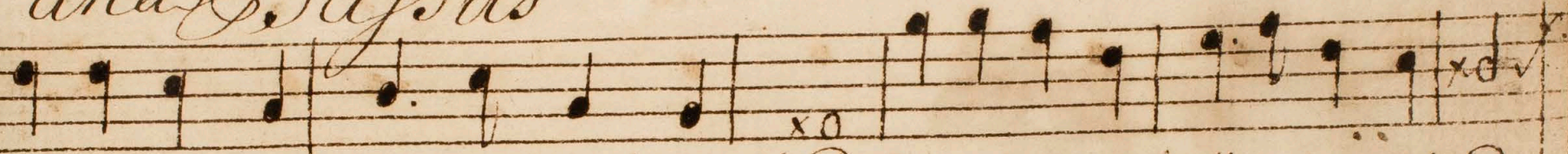
I am alive for ever



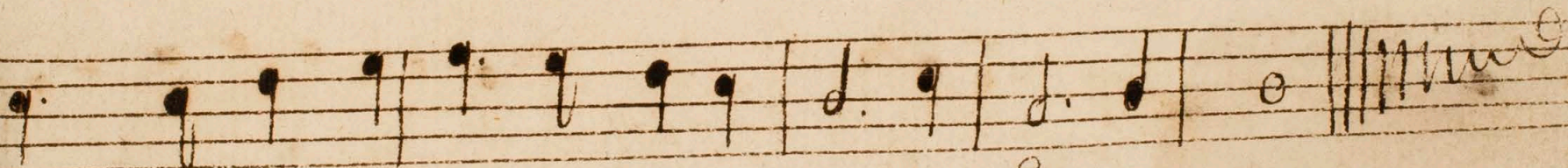
and Behold

I am alive

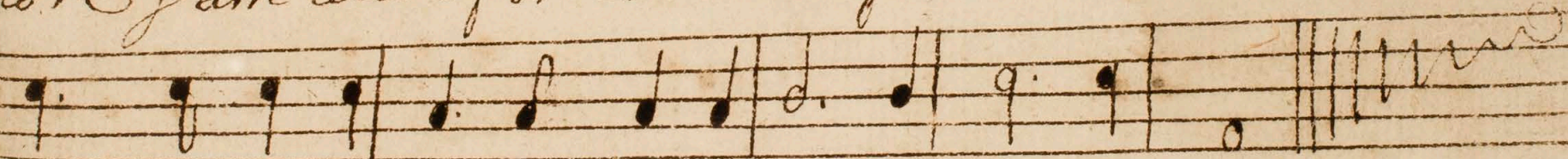
And Passus



I am he that liveth and was dead; I am he that liveth and was dead



more I am alive for evermore for evermore



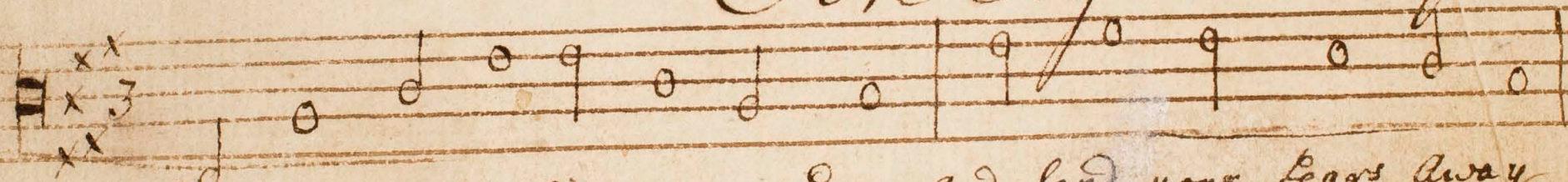
Made on y^e Death of



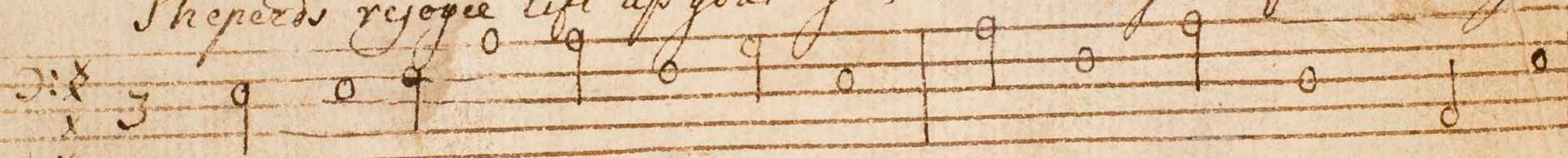
on a Bank beneath A willow; heav'n's her Covering Earth, her pillow, so Amanda sighing lay
Streams y^t all her feet were Gliding; her deep sorow gently Chiding; Could not wash her Grief away



An Hymn on y^e -



Shepherds rejoice lift up your Eyes; And send your fears away -



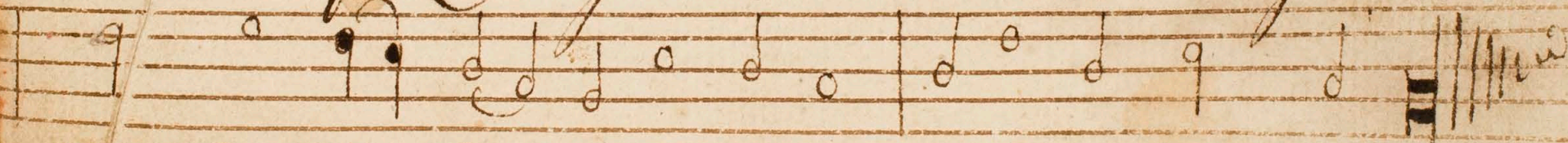
Queen Mary Tenor & Bass



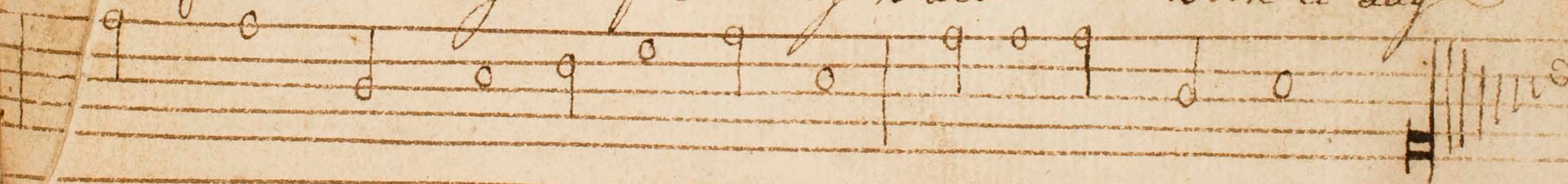
Sighing with her Arms Acrofs; thus Bewail's thus thus thus Bewail - bewail Eurus



Birth of Christ Tenor & Bass

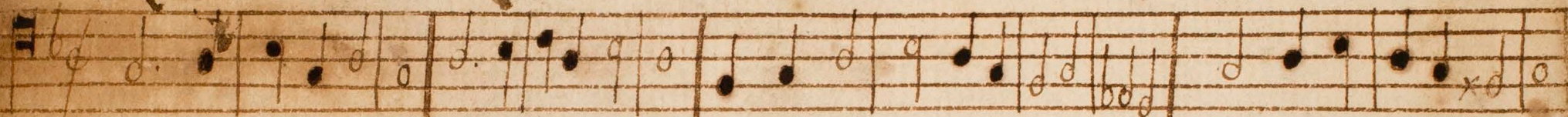


News from the Regions of the Skys; Salvation's Born to day

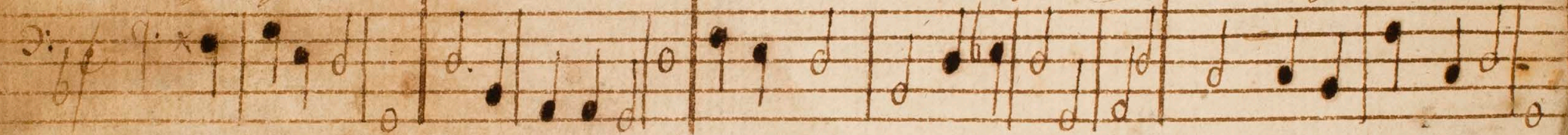




An Anthem Taken -



Hear my Prayer o Lord - - - & wth thine Ear Consider my Calling. Hold not thy peace at my tears



Tis a - - - - - there were o Spare me a little While a little little While



John Sandey

His Book 756

Thurs 9th Day

1756



